

THE ATHENÆUM

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WEEKLY REVIEW

Of English and Foreign Literature, Fine Arts, and Works of Embellishment.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE NEW SERIES.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE ATHENÆUM, in presenting a New Series to their Subscribers, Advertisers, and the Public, deem it proper to state a few particulars as to the plan proposed to be adopted for the future. In the first place, they have altered the day of publication from Wednesday to SATURDAY, at the suggestion of many friends and subscribers, as the period most suited to give a satisfactory Review of what passes in the World of Letters during the week. In form, the work, though somewhat smaller than the original ATHENÆUM, is larger than the late LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW,—nevertheless not so different from the one or the other, but that, when bound, it may well stand on the same shelf with either. It will in future be printed by the printer of the latter work, in smaller type, so as to make up the quantity of matter heretofore given, and with that care and neatness which have always distinguished the different publications issuing from his press.

The New Series of THE ATHENÆUM, as far as concerns its Literary management, will be under the direction of the parties who have hitherto conducted it; and the persons, from whose pens the most able articles, contained in the former Series, have proceeded, will continue to write for the new one:—at the same time, a great accession of literary talent has been secured for the latter, by engaging the aid of several eminent and popular authors; and among them, some of the best contributors to the LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW during the years 1827 and 1828. By these means the independence and impartiality which have distinguished the various departments of criticism in the former Numbers of THE ATHENÆUM, are ensured to those of the New Series. All notices of new works will be unbiassed by the names or influence of publishers, by favour or enmity towards authors, or by personal feeling of any kind.

For the honesty of the opinions which shall appear in the columns of their journal, the Conductors pledge themselves; and they trust that the judgments pronounced will prove no less correct than sincere. Every endeavour shall be used that publications may be noticed as early as possible; but this object will be considered secondary to the more important one of maturity—the competition with other journals of the same class will be a trial of strength, rather than of speed. The qualities above enumerated, the New Series of THE ATHENÆUM will possess in common with the volumes already concluded. The assistance of additional Contributors will secure to the future numbers a still greater variety of character both in the Reviews and the Original Articles than was possessed by the former, and more than is usually found in any single periodical.

The other improvements contemplated in the future conduct of THE ATHENÆUM, are, an increased attention to Foreign Literature, to the Drama, to Works of Embellishment, and to the progress of the Arts and Sciences in Foreign Countries, no less than at home. Extensive plans for supplying the columns of THE ATHENÆUM with the best information on these subjects are formed, and will speedily be brought into full operation; and its conductors feel confident that, in a very short time, they shall render their Journal the most complete organ of information relating to Letters, the Arts, and Sciences, existing in this or any other country.

THE STAMPED EDITION will be published on SATURDAY EVENING in time for sending by Post; and will contain a Digest of Important Commercial Intelligence, comprising the Gazette, and the latest Reports of the Money and Corn Markets. It is therefore presumed, that THE ATHENÆUM will shortly find its way to the Study, the Breakfast-table, and the Counting-house, of the intelligent throughout the Kingdom, as well as in the British possessions abroad.

The Number published January 6, in the old form, will be REPRINTED to correspond with the present,—and be given GRATIS to the purchasers of No. 4, to be published January 30: it will form the first Number of No. 2, 1830.—NEW SERIES.

the Series in the Monthly Part for January. The New Series may be considered a continuation not only of THE ATHENÆUM, but also of the LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW. The original subscribers to the latter work who may wish to take this New Series, and who have not completed their sets of that publication for the years 1827 and 1828, may have any odd numbers they want for that purpose, free of cost, on application at the Printing Office.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—WRITINGS OF COLERIDGE.

THE "Utilitarians," (a word which is not English, and a name disclaimed we believe by some of those who once gloried in bearing it, and who did it the greatest honour,) are a set who only exist as separated from the rest of mankind by virtue of a blunder. If many of them had not employed the word utility in two senses, and hopped from one to the other as best suited their momentary convenience, they never would have appeared as either so singular or so important as some people for a year or two were inclined to hold them. Utility in its popular, and as we believe, its legitimate sense, means nothing more than applicability to the practical and ordinary affairs of life, as distinguished from its enjoyments and its higher duties. As the foundation of a moral theory, it signifies that the only standard of right and wrong, is the view taken by the agent, of the consequences of his actions in the production of pleasure and pain. The few persons who maintain that utility in the former of these senses, is alone or chiefly worthy of attention, assume a ground so narrow and repulsive, that they have little chance of converting the world. The others announce as the basis of a system of morals, a notion, which, in truth, excludes all real morality, arising from the operation of the conscience. It is, however, in this larger signification, that utility has been employed as a watch-word by the ablest of those who have shouted it among the astonished vulgar. We have of course a very firm conviction, that they profess a grievous and most pernicious error; but we are far from thinking that all those who do so are consciously unprincipled; and the very article before us, the first in the XXIIIrd number of the Westminster Review, is an evidence of more than average honesty in the writer.

He does not appear to be a person of remarkable intellects; his critical opinions have all been taught among us for several years, by men very superior to him. But they have been taught by persons against whom the "Utilitarians" are strongly prejudiced, and they necessarily include a high admiration for the poetry of Coleridge, the man whom those among them that can at all comprehend him, are bound the most vehemently to condemn. The Reviewer, however, though with rather too much ostentation of candour, is honest enough to proclaim the truth, which we question whether he could have discovered for himself, and really admires the poetry which he criticises with a heartiness that does him exceeding honour. But he has fallen by the way into some mistakes, which, as they are the errors and follies of one desirous to be right, we think it worth while to notice.

The opening periods are for the most part distinguished by a noisy and boyish conceit, which

gives an unfavourable impression of the writer. He sets about proving what no one but a "Utilitarian" ever doubted, with a degree of importance and grandiloquence much more accurately proportioned to the dignity of the subject than to his capacity for treating it. In the beginning of this loud loquacity, he speaks of persons who have "had woeful experience that Utilitarians are somewhat logical;" but in fact, all the experience on this point proves, that while the present "Utilitarians" talk a great deal about logic, they reason worse than all other men, from premises which no other men admit. In the recent controversy with the Edinburgh Review, there can we think be no question, that although their opponent is far enough from a scientific view of "Government," he has completely demonstrated how inconsistent and hollow is that of Mr. Mill.

But the subject which has moved us at all to speak of the Westminster Review, is the character of Mr. Coleridge's mind and writings, which is very oddly dealt with by this critic. The second paragraph of the article begins as follows:—"Thus Mr. Coleridge is a Benthamite in his poetry; a Utilitarian; a 'greatest happiness' man: for, as a poet, he writes under the controlling and dictating power of truth and nature, under the inspiration of his own profound convictions and emotions. It is different, indeed, in his prose; there he is not his own man, there he has something else in view besides telling out what he thinks and feels in the melodious words which it spontaneously assumes. But with that, thank heaven, we have not now to do." So say we; thank heaven that this author has nothing to do with the prose writings of Coleridge; for to be worthily mastered, they require the study of a subtle and reflecting mind. Now we would ask, supposing we were to judge the writer from nothing but the sentences above quoted, what order of mind should we assign to him? First, we are told, as something very marvellous, that in his poetry, Mr. Coleridge is a "Utilitarian," meaning thereby, not we presume that he maintains a speculative doctrine, (which by-the-by was taught much more than two thousand years before the birth of Mr. Bentham,) but that in his poetry he wishes to give pleasure, and succeeds in it. And this is stated as something very new and surprising, in a sentence, which is immediately followed by an expression of the utmost contempt for the prose works of Mr. Coleridge. Can this person ever have read the books he speaks of? or has he written thus without knowing that the "Biographia Literaria" contains the most elaborate and satisfactory analysis of poetry in the language, and that Mr. Coleridge there maintains the giving pleasure to be the one direct purpose of all poetry? Now let us look at the exquisite reasoning of this logician: Mr. Coleridge, quoth he, is a Benthamite, a greatest happiness man; Indeed! And why do you say that he is so, how do you prove it? "Because he writes under the controlling and dictating power of truth and nature, under the inspiration of his own profound convictions and emotions." He writes with a view to outward consequences, because he writes without any view to consequences at all! He is a Benthamite, because he writes from his convictions and emotions! A compendious method truly, for demon-

strating that Æschylus and Plato, Dante, Luther, Shakspeare, Milton, all were "*Benthamites*!" This is indeed a flight beyond the audacity of Videoq, Cagliostro, or the Bottle-Conjuror.

The doctrine of the remainder of our extract is inculcated, incidentally, in various other parts of the article. The writer evidently thinks, that to write the truest, deepest, and loveliest poetry, is one knack,—and to write honest and powerful prose, another knack; and finds nothing at all startling in the opinion, that a first-rate poet may write nothing but drivelling and fallacious nonsense in all his prose compositions. Can such a critic have any idea of a human being as a complex, but homogeneous whole? Is it possible to conceive all the poetry-making part of a mind as sound, and the prose-making part as corrupt, through the whole of life; and to fancy that the health shall not heal the disease, nor the malady infect the health? Is there nothing at first sight astounding in such a notion? Is it not certain, that the very same faculties are employed in both these mental occupations? And that the love of truth and of mankind, which cannot but exist in every poet of the highest order, will necessarily guide his application of his powers to all other subjects as well as the poetical? These would seem to be strong presumptions against the theory of the Reviewer; and what have we, in the first place, to set against them? Nothing, absolutely nothing, except the assertion of one man, whose criticism gives evidence of no remarkable fitness for his task, except the will to say what he believes, and the susceptibility of impressions from the outward world, which has made him an admirer of the vivid poetry of Mr. Coleridge. These, therefore, who have not read "*The Friend*," the "*Biographia Literaria*," and the "*Aids to Reflection*;" those who, from want of habit of reflection, are incompetent to judge of them,—and those who will not bestow the requisite labour,—have to choose, whether they will believe, on the one hand, that an honest but conceited man, who writes in the Westminster Review, is idle, rash, and presumptuous; or, on the other, that a poet of the noblest rank, and distinguished among poets for intense and comprehensive thought, has published several laborious volumes, on subjects to which he has devoted his life, written in the purest style, and with a tone of the most profound earnestness; and that these are uniformly and utterly trivial, false, and "disgusting." Surely, when this alternative is presented to the Reviewer himself, he can hardly fail to see cause for recommencing his examination. To understand, and embrace, the whole meaning of the books in question, undoubtedly requires much industry and thought, more than any but a few among us are inclined to bestow. But, without having paid the price for knowledge, who is entitled to claim its privileges?

We own that we have other grounds for our opinion, besides the calculation of chances which we have just suggested. In the first place, we have known several students of Mr. Coleridge's writings; and with regard to the Apologetic Preface to the War Eclogue, which the Reviewer calls "a pitiful compound of cant and sophistry," and which gave him, he says, an "emotion of disgust," we will assure him, not as an advocate speaking to an advocate, but as one lover of letters and of truth to another, that we have heard it mentioned with higher delight and approbation, by more superior men of the most opposite opinions, than any modern English essay. At all events, his reasoning will not hold good as to the analogy between *Shylock*'s "I stand here for law," and the boast of the poetical personage in the Eclogue,—

"I

Cling to him everlastingly."

The Reviewer says, that in each phrase there is the same ferocious concentration of hatred. Per-

haps so: but does he mean to say, that the passage in the "*Merchant of Venice*" proves Shakspeare to have hated *Antonio*? Unless he maintains this, he does nothing towards showing that Mr. Coleridge hated Pitt.* Mr. Coleridge asserts, and we think justly, that the vigorous exercise of a creative imagination, is incompatible with a state of malignant passion. The more appropriate, therefore, the thought in question is to the unreal being in the poem, the less can it be taken as an evidence of the poet's individual feeling.

Independently of the authority of others, we rely boldly on our own judgment, as sufficient to convince ourselves, that the philosophical, critical, moral, and religious works of the author of *Christabel*, are, to those who will rightly employ them, the richest possession of our age. We are the more persuaded that our opinion is accurate, because we have felt, we believe, in their utmost force, all the objections commonly urged against these writings. We know, for we have experienced, that they are difficult and vast; that their strong outbreakings of moral earnestness are shocking to a passive conscience; that they demand rigid attention, active thought, humble self-distrust, and untiring love of Truth. We have found that they lead us into a maze; that, during the first moments, it is hard to discover with how unerring a clue they will furnish us: but that labyrinth must needs be explored by him who would arrive at philosophical certainty. Those who do not think at all, and those who think only that they may defy and suppress their moral convictions, will indeed alike be disappointed by the works of a writer who, more successfully than all other Englishmen, has laboured to reconcile the speculative understanding with the instinctive consciousness.

CORTES.

Life of Hernan Cortes. By Don Telesforo de Trueba Y Cosio, author of "*Gomez Arias*," "*The Castilians*," &c. Edinburgh. Constable and Co. Vol. XLIX. of Constable's Miscellany.

We have no intention of making this little volume a peg on which to hang our own view of the character of Cortes. It would, in fitting place and occasion, be a matter of no slight interest to determine how and how far he is to be classed with the most admirable soldiers of history, with Philopomen, Sertorius, and Gustavus Adolphus, and to what extent he approaches the character of Buonaparte's ruffian commanders. There would also be abundant ground for inquiry in the question how far he was distinguished as an individual, and how far his life was influenced by the peculiarities of his times, in what proportion Cortes was superior to Barradas, the first invader of Mexico to the last, from the necessities of his age, and in what proportion from his own will and natural faculties. But these problems we must leave to the private meditation of our readers, as the attempt to resolve them would lead us too far away from Don Telesforo de Trueba Y Cosio, in whose mind there is little tendency to these or any other speculation. The learned Mr. Henry Fielding, sometime Justice of the Peace, but better known as author of "*Tom Jones*," has said with regard to novelists, or as he facetiously denominates them, writers of history not drawing their materials from records, that they deal but little in observation and reflection, and very largely in narrative,—forasmuch as story-telling is easier than thinking. So Don Telesforo de Trueba, author of "*Gomez Arias*," &c., seems to have found it. His volume scarcely contains any general remarks, and those not very original. But he has told the tale of Cortes with a good deal of spirit, and though his

style is far less correct and concise than that of Robertson, it is not nearly so monotonous. His materials are sometimes more full than those of the Scotch Historian, and he has used them with equal fidelity. Both are utterly deficient in the power of generalisation and analysis. It is somewhat curious that both should have omitted a very curious story of Cortes's early life at Cuba, which is related by Herrera, and for which we refer the mere English reader to the "*Omniana*," vol. i. p. 138. The book before us is certainly on the whole very fairly adapted to its purpose, and it cannot be read without a lively interest.

Our readers will perceive that there is a good deal of spirit in the following account of the second retreat of Cortes from the city of Mexico:

"Hernan Cortes ordered then the plan of march. He intrusted the command of the van, consisting of two hundred of the boldest and most active soldiers, together with twenty horsemen, to the gallant Sandoval, aided by Diego de Ordaz and Francisco Lugo. The conduct of the rear, composed of the greater proportion of the Spanish troops, he committed to Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon. Cortes himself, supported by Christoval de Olid and Davila, commanded the centre, where he placed the children of Montezuma, and other prisoners of distinction, the baggage, artillery, and the portable bridge to throw over the breaches in the causeway. The allied troops, from Tlascala, Chempoalla, and Cholula, amounting to several thousands, he distributed among the three divisions. The Spaniards commenced their disastrous and memorable retreat in a dark night, rendered still more gloomy and dangerous by a heavy mist and a fall of rain, which continued without intermission. These circumstances, which Cortes considered advantageous to his design, proved most disastrous in the event. Shortly after midnight the van left the Spanish quarters, and was followed in progression by the other divisions. Cortes directed his course in deep silence towards the causeway of Tacuba, because, being shorter than the others, and, on account of its remoteness from Tlascala, not calling so much the attention of the Mexicans, it afforded greater chance of success in the present undertaking. The Spaniards arrived at the first breach without interruption, and proceeded to place the portable bridge, in the expectation that their intention was unknown, and that their safety would in a few moments be secured.

"From these flattering dreams the retreating army was soon startled by a prodigious clamour which suddenly filled the air. The Mexicans had carefully watched the movements of their enemy, and the priests, with their horn, summoned the soldiers to arms. The sounds of warlike instruments and astounding shouts burst from every quarter. The lake, until then tranquil and still, appeared in a moment agitated by the motion of a thousand canoes. Showers of arrows and volleys of stones poured against the Spaniards without interruption, whilst an army, prodigious in numbers, and ferocious in purpose, thronged eagerly to the causeways, where they hoped to accomplish the destruction of the retreating foe. But a new calamity soon called for the attention of Cortes, and excited the dismay of his soldiers. The portable bridge was broken down by the weight of the baggage and artillery, and sticking fast amidst the stones and mud, it was no longer serviceable. Those of the Spaniards who had already gained the other side, hastened to the second breach, whilst their harassed companions endeavoured to scramble their fearful way, amidst a confused heap of cannon, luggage, armour, and the bodies of the dead and wounded, that now almost filled the horrid chasm. From this moment everything became terror and confusion. The rain poured in torrents—the horses plunged, or remained restive, so that many of their riders were com-

* Mr. Coleridge's deliberate judgment of Pitt, may be found reprinted, in a volume of "*Political Essays*," by Mr. Hazlitt.

pelled to abandon them. Both sides of the causeway were flanked with canoes, from which the enemy sent incessant flights of their missiles. The Spaniards in an instant found themselves surrounded by an infinity of enemies, who attacked them at once by sea and land with a fierceness they never before experienced. Their astounding yells—the sounds of their horns—the piercing cries of the captives, whom they were hurrying away in their canoes, all contributed to strike a chill of horror into the hearts of the stoutest veterans. The Spaniards fought with the fury of desperation, and many succeeded in passing over this fearful gap of destruction, and rejoined their companions at the second breach; but a greater number perished on the spot, were drowned in their attempt to save themselves, or were taken alive and reserved for sacrifice.

"The conflict on the second breach was equally terrific. The Mexicans, in their previous attempt to accomplish the destruction of their enemy, threw themselves in tumultuous masses against them, crowding to the spot in such confusion, that an immense number fell victims to their own disorder. Cortes perceived the total impossibility of preserving any military discipline in the dreadful confusion which prevailed; friends and foes, soldiers and officers, horse and infantry, men and women, were crowded together, and the darkness and stormy rain increasing the disasters of the fight, all soon became one vast scene of carnage and horror. Cortes, and a considerable body of his veterans, united in a strong phalanx, and forced their way across the remaining breaches, the dead bodies serving to fill up the ditches. When he had reached the firm land, and found himself in comparative safety, he left his slender troop with Sandoval and Olid, who had happily effected their escape, ordering them to keep in compact order, to resist any fresh attack. He then, with the vigilance of an able commander, and the magnanimity of a great man, passed and repassed the last breaches, sometimes swimming, sometimes climbing over the promiscuous and sanguinary heaps with which they were choked. These unwearied efforts he performed at the imminent danger of his life; but the deplorable condition of his unfortunate followers seemed to augment the powers of his soul as well as the strength of his frame, in order to provide for their assistance. He encouraged some to persevere in their exertions—animated others to fight courageously—here aided them to reach firm ground, there to escape from the power of the enemy. How he was preserved from so fearful an accumulation of perils is not easily to be explained, unless by a strange concurrence of fortunate chances, and the extraordinary exertion of personal prowess.

"But though he wearied himself in efforts to preserve his army, he perceived with agony the dreadful havoc which it had sustained. Some of his soldiers were overwhelmed by the number of the enemies, others were drowned or struggling in the lake, whilst he heard the piteous exclamations of the wounded, and the piercing cries of those who were carried away in triumph to be shortly sacrificed. In this mournful situation, he was joined by a small troop, which he found to belong to the rear-guard. The party consisted of Alvarado, bleeding profusely, and scarcely able to stand, and about eight Spaniards and as many Tlascalans, all of them severely wounded, covered with blood, and exhausted by the desperate exertions which they had made to save their lives. Alvarado informed Cortes that they were the only remains of the numerous detachment that composed the rear of the army—all the rest to a man, both Spaniards and allies, including the brave Velazquez de Leon, and other officers, being either slain or made prisoners by the Mexicans. Alvarado further stated, that when he came to the third breach, not

being able to face the thronging enemy, nor swim across without a certainty of being killed, by an effort of resolute despair he fixed his lance in the bottom of the ditch, and by its aid vaulted to the other side. This extraordinary leap, considered a miracle of agility, conferred on that place the name of *Salto de Alvarado*, or Alvarado's Leap, which it preserves to this day. All the unfortunates who had been unable to escape in that night of sorrow, (*noche triste*) a title by which it is still known in New Spain, assembled in the way to Tacuba.

"At the dawn of day, the Spaniards found themselves in Popotla, near Tacuba, strewn about at random, wounded, exhausted, broken down in spirit, dismayed at the recollection of the past, and in the dark anticipation of new disasters. A scene of uncommon distress offered itself to the afflicted eyes of their commander. He beheld the wretched remnants of his gallant army dreadfully reduced in number, sinking under their calamities, and almost unfit for present service. More than one half of the Spaniards perished in this fatal retreat, together with our thousand of their allies. All the ammunition and the artillery, as well as the baggage, was lost. Very few of the horses were saved, and a still smaller portion of the treasure. Indeed, the pernicious gold proved fatal to many of the soldiers, especially those of Narvaez, who having encumbered themselves with bars of it, sunk under its weight, the victims of their imprudent avarice. Almost all the Mexican prisoners perished, and amongst them the Prince Cacamatzin, a brother, a son, and two daughters of Montezuma. Many Spanish officers of note were also missing. Of these the most conspicuous were Francisco Morla, Francisco Saucedo, and Amador de Lariz, who perished bravely, overpowered by the enemy. But the loss which was perhaps the most deeply to be deplored, was that of the gallant Juan Velazquez de Leon, who, on account of his surprising merit, as well as great services, was considered the second chief in the expedition. He commanded the extreme detachment of the rear, which being overpowered by the enemy, not a single man was suffered to escape alive.

"So vast a calamity deeply wounded the heart of Cortes, and, despite his magnanimity of soul, he could not restrain the tokens of his affliction. In a gloomy mood, he sat down upon a stone in Popotla, and there, as he cast a mournful look on the shattered remnants of his army, and reflected on the brave companions and the friends he had lost, the tears of sorrow flowed unrestrained down his countenance. The death of Velazquez de Leon affected him deeply; for in that brave young man, he lost not only one of his most able officers, but a dear and devoted friend. But to past disasters, he was to add the gloomy anticipation of future calamities; he beheld many of his soldiers wounded, others enfeebled with fatigue, and all dejected with their recent catastrophe. Cortes, however, felt the necessity of fresh exertion; and whilst his heart was breaking with anguish, began to form the ranks; and his soldiers, to use the words of Robertson, observed with satisfaction, 'that while attentive to the duties of a general, he was not insensible to the feelings of a man.' Amidst so many disasters, however, he felt a comfort in seeing that his gallant captains, Alvarado, Sandoval, Olid, Ordaz, Davila, and Lugo, were alive, and that the faithful Doña Marina, and the interpreter Aguila, as well as the venerable father Olmedo, had also escaped destruction.

"Hernan Cortes, though powerfully agitated by such an accumulation of misfortunes, with a greatness of soul which nature bestows upon few, now smothered his rising sorrow, and applied all the energies of his mind to devise means for the protection of his followers. All the country around was in arms against them. To take

shelter from an immediate attack, he accordingly directed his march to Otocalpolco, a temple which stood upon a rising ground, nine miles westward from Mexico, and which was afterwards converted into the celebrated sanctuary, or Chapel of our Lady of Remedios, or of succour. Detached parties of the enemy attacked the Spaniards in this shelter during the day, but they were uniformly repelled by the vigilance of the chief, as well as desperate courage of his soldiers. Cortes naturally conceived that he could not expect to keep for any considerable time his position, as the whole surrounding country would soon flock to an assault, which he could scarcely hope successfully to withstand, deprived as he was of artillery. Tlascala was the only place which seemed to offer a safe retreat in this emergency; but that city lay at a great distance, and in a contrary direction. Besides, he well anticipated that the Mexican army would already be assembled in the road to cut off this last resource. Whilst he was deliberating with his officers, a Tlascalcan offered to conduct the army through by-paths and secret defiles to his own country." p. 247—254.

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. 4 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn and Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

WHILE sheer unmixed abuse of the United States was the article best fitted for the London market, and while that abuse was vented on political institutions, which has since found in cravats and shoe-ties points of attack more easily accessible to our critics of the shopboard and the quarter-deck, no common place against the North American republic was uttered with more emphasis, or received with more favour, than the charge of having been tainted with French principles in its cradle. Whatever was un-English (a negation with John Bull exclusive alike of wisdom as of honesty)—whatever was un-English in the polity, or principles, or practice of Jonathan, was at once set down to the score of atheistical philosophy, imbibed from La Fayette and Rochambeau, or of anarchical politics transmitted from the Jacobin club, through citizens Duplaine and Genet.

Now if any two revolutions in the history of the world, both of which were justified by necessities equally absolute, vindicated on principles equally lofty, and terminated, we trust we may say, in issues equally fortunate—if any two such epochs can be found more utterly different in the character of the impulses which hastened, of the agents who conducted, or of the nations which endured them—than the French and American Revolutions, we will consent to add our voices to the chorus of calumniators of both these signal eras of political regeneration. Nothing has more struck us, than the contrast between them, presented in the volumes now before us, a considerable part of which (as well in the preliminary memoir as in the body of the correspondence) is taken up with details of the author's official residence at Paris, from 1786 to September 1789. It occupies, as he says himself in his memoirs, a space "disproportioned to the general scale of his narrative," but a space, we would add, which no reader interested in the cause of social improvement will be likely to regret. We despair of giving any complete idea of the light which he has thrown upon this portion of history; but in order at least to illustrate our own views of the great historical contrast of which we have spoken, we must enter somewhat more at length than we fear may be agreeable to some among our readers, who are, and to others who suppose themselves already well acquainted with the subject, into some of the more prominent points of history and character, which explain the

leading features of the mighty revolutions of which we have above spoken. We shall illustrate their conduct and progress by some extracts from the volumes before us; and thus present our readers with (we think) the most striking and instructive of its interesting contents. We must limit ourselves to France in the present number—in our next we shall close the subject with America.

The most distinct phenomenon in the history of France, and which, regularly recurring at its critical epochs, has appeared to involve the very law of national progress, is the unqualified supremacy which each successive principle of government has obtained in that country, through those tremendous and unmitigated struggles which have purchased every step of social improvement. It is the point of comparison, happiest for our own country, not with France alone, but equally with other leading members of the European commonwealth, that, through all the fluctuations and vicissitudes of regimen which she has had to undergo as well as her neighbours, her fortune has invariably preserved to her some basis of improvement in the heart of her people—some sure and steady fulcrum, whence the forces of increasing wealth and knowledge might act—some inherited forms of popular institution serving as moulds (however imperfect) in which a certain shape and consistency might be given to the element of public opinion. On the other hand, the whole political fabric of our neighbours has been in a manner overthrown and reconstructed at each of the grand æras in their national records.

France had slumbered passively in the midst of the magnificent but premature design of Charlemagne, to counteract the centrifugal impulses of barbarism and ignorance, to collect the scattered principles of cohesion in the customs of the German tribes, and to confer on his vast empire, through his *missi dominici*, that uniform judicial administration which was established in this country under Henry the Second. The utter anarchy which shortly after followed an attempt of which the scale was too extensive, and the principle too advanced, to promise permanence beyond the reign of its author, found a natural and inevitable issue in the more complete establishment of feudal jurisdictions than ever was effected in England; where the spirit of popular justice never utterly lost its depositary, however often violated, in the form of trial by jury, and found encouragement by turns from the monarchical ambition and pecuniary wants of our kings, and from the turbulent and independent temper of our nobles. But feudalism triumphed over anarchy in France, with an absolute unmodified exclusiveness which supposed the non-existence, and precluded the formation, of a commonalty raised above vassalage; and which, while it displayed its own inherent unfitness for the ends of internal quiet and of public defence, neglected, in the pride of its prosperity, to ally itself with the new powers which were gradually growing up in the body politic. The confidence of the nobles in their usurped independence of every thing like legal control, discharged them from all motive or necessity for attendance in the royal council; and excused the throne from seeking, in the wane of their power, that concurrence which they had scornfully withheld in its meridian. Thus, when the monarchical subdued the feudal principle, no phoenix had arisen from its ashes. The central power had triumphed ALONE, and had attracted within its orbit what remained of feudal nobility; while the third estate, when called into existence by the monarch, found itself destitute of energy or union to obtain extended franchises from his poverty. The separate enclosures and usages of feudalism had unhappily survived its active energies. Provincial assemblies satisfied the fiscal demands of the monarch with less danger to

his power than the States-general of the nation; and the wretched commons, harassed by insecurity and violence, were compelled at length to accept the protection of the royal *compagnies d'ordonnance*, and to purchase exemption from private and unauthorised oppression, by submission to an arbitrary *taille*, to the *dicta* of the Parliament of Paris.

The direct effects of this regimen, first feudal, then monarchical, on the social state and tendencies of the people may be traced, with more or less evidence, through the whole of French history; and only obtain a clearer stage, and more complete development at its several revolutionary æras. It will often hold with regard to the powers of moral as of physical nature, that compression only adds to their concentrated danger. Where popular opinion is forced inwards from its natural eruption, on the surface of the body politic, its promulgators and recipients may indeed be reduced in number; but in the minds in which it is harboured, its intensity will have increased, as the exterior signs of its presence have diminished. Add to this, that the spirit of absolute power is apt to be caught by its subjects, and to lend its own colour to their very disaffection. Hence the wild extremes of doctrine which have been charged on the revolution as unheard of and unprecedented novelties, had furnished, in fact, the staple of ideas and expressions to each successive power in French annals. The right of cashiering monarchs for misconduct was as fully reserved to their vassals by the establishment of St. Louis, as by the plagiarised decrees of the republican clubs. The inalienable, imprescriptible rights of monarchy were proclaimed, at least as solemnly, by the dignified *gens de robe* of the Parliament of Paris, in the fourteenth century, as ever those of the people were by the less submissive *avocats* of the Constituent Assembly in the eighteenth. Nay, not even the "natural liberty of France" can confer the praise of original invention on the States-general of 1789; but it must be referred, with all the honours that belong to it, to the States-general of 1484. Add to the bias, thus impressed on the public mind of France, towards all that is unqualified and absolute in principle, the artificial necessity imposed by her government, of abstinence from discussion on the practical course of affairs; and little will remain to be surprised at in the errors or excesses of the revolution.

Of a corresponding nature, were the indirect tendencies of the anti-revolutionary regimen in France. As the government had none of the security annexed to all defined and limited powers, so the system of society, in as far as it was necessarily moulded by the influence of the government, was destitute of every thing like freedom or variety, in the character of individuals as of classes. No one of the original or tributary streams, which flowed down into the current of society, had preserved its natural colour after its confluence—no self-relying, self-existing spirit was elicited from the union or collision of the several ranks of citizenship. No professional or individual character dared to show itself above the polished universal level. Absolutism had gained the social temper of the nation as well as its political institutions, and to this source we cannot but in justice refer some of the very artificial sides of French character, which have too commonly been presented to foreigners. "Toutes les nations qui ne sont pas libres," says M. de Sismondi, "s'occupent beaucoup plus du jugement, que les autres porteront d'elle, que de leurs propres sentimens, ou des résultats d'une expérience, dont il ne leur est point permis de faire usage." This profound and just reflection may help us to explain the insincerity, affectation, and inordinate vanity, which we have so long been in the habit of imputing to Frenchmen. The conscious want of civic and of personal value drove its victims to grasp eagerly at distinctions

out of themselves, and out of their true social position. The absence of fit aliment for a decent national pride, left no resource except to seek in pageantry or war gratification for the national vanity, and the worse than jacobinical proscription of all natural varieties of character, left little but native inanity, or the study of foreign models, to the French aspirant, in manners, arts, or literature. It is merely a truism, or identical proposition, to affirm that the life of the body politic extends not beyond the circle of admissibility to its functions; and it is equally certain that nothing like social energy can exist where there is nothing like a sense of independent agency, and a power of free reaction on the central administration. But all that offered the faintest image of social life in France, was hermetically sealed within the precincts of Paris: and all the life of Paris was embodied in its courtly and aristocratic circles. In our comparative state of freedom from the absolute sway of fashion, it is impossible to suppress a smile at such criticism as that of the Baron de Grimm upon a certain popular novel "*que personne*," he affirms, "*ne saurait lire*;" and that not from any lack of spirit or fidelity in its portraits of domestic life in the middling and lower orders, but from the damning fact, that "*les personnages du Roman sont tous des gens qui n'ont point d'existence dans la société, et dont les aventures, par conséquent, ne sauraient nous attacher*." But we sympathise more gravely with the feelings of regret, with which the most enlightened Frenchmen of the eighteenth century contemplated this diseased determination, to the head of the life-blood, which should have circulated freely through the commonwealth.

It was a state of things like this, that gave enchantment to the ethico-political ideal of Rousseau—that gave publishers in the National Assembly, and commentators in the Palais Royal, to the peremptory naked text of his scheme of social union. Had it happened to appear in any other age or country, it could but have furnished matter for inert acquiescence, or equally inert dissent, on the part of a few speculative minds. But, appearing when it did, it fell like a spark into the whole collected mass of inflammable substances. The age was already ripe for revolution; and, when that revolution should arrive, the list of its demands would be the rights of man, and the charter of its commonwealth the social contract. Unprecedented speculative audacity, accompanied with absolute political inexperience, prevailed amongst the educated classes, while the all but utter apathy and *engourdissement* of the multitude, left it sensible alone to the hard pressure of want, and capable under that pressure of receiving the wildest direction which the passions of its leaders could impress on it.

Our author was in Paris, at the moment when this blind force was first arrayed, and fearfully instructed in the secret of its own existence. We do not scruple to own, that scattered hints and facts in his correspondence have afforded us more instruction with regard to the state of parties, at the meeting of the States-general, than we had previously derived from any history of the period. The only men in France who seem to have shown themselves duly sensible of the need of reciprocal compromises, for the sake of public tranquillity, were the active members of Louis's successive administrations. Of course we do not mean to include the infamous accomplices in the faction of the Queen and the Count d'Artois. But most of the ostensible advisers of the crown, seem to have fully felt the necessity of yielding the great principles of popular government; and the overtures of Louis himself, are sufficient to attest his acquiescence. Nor will this appear surprising, if we consider that the active members of government were almost the only men in France who had adequate means of judging of the nature of those obsta-

cles which clogged the machine, and the necessity and difficulty of balancing pretensions, which, pushed to the utmost, could only end in war of extermination. How warmly Jefferson entered into their wise and moderate views, will appear from the following letter addressed to M. de St. Etienne.

To Monsieur de St. Etienne.

Paris, June 3, 1789.

"SIR,—After you quitted us yesterday evening, we continued our conversation (Monsieur de la Fayette, Mr. Short, and myself) on the subject of the difficulties which environ you. The desirable object being to secure the good which the King has offered, and to avoid the ill which seems to threaten, an idea was suggested, which appearing to make an impression on Monsieur de la Fayette, I was encouraged to pursue it on my return to Paris, to put it into form, and now to send it to you and him. It is this; that the King in a *séance royale* should come forward with a Charter of Rights in his hand, to be signed by himself and by every member of the three orders. This charter to contain the five great points which the Resultat of December offered, on the part of the King: the abolition of pecuniary privileges offered by the privileged orders, and the adoption of the national debt, and a grant of the sum of money asked from the nation. This last will be a cheap price for the preceding articles; and let the same act declare your immediate separation till the next anniversary meeting. You will carry back to your constituents more good than ever was effected before without violence, and you will stop exactly at the point where violence would otherwise begin. Time will be gained, the public mind will continue to ripen and to be informed, a basis of support may be prepared with the people themselves, and expedients occur for gaining still something further at your next meeting, and for stopping again at the point of force. I have ventured to send to yourself and Monsieur de la Fayette a sketch of my ideas of what this act might contain, without endangering any dispute. But it is offered merely as a canvass for you to work on, if it be fit to work on at all. I know too little of the subject, and you know too much of it, to justify me in offering anything but a hint. I have done it, too, in a hurry: inasmuch, that since committing it to writing, it occurs to me that the fifth article may give alarm; that it is in a good degree included in the fourth, and is therefore useless. But after all, what excuses can I make, Sir, for this presumption? I have none but an unmeasurable love for your nation, and a painful anxiety lest despotism, after an unaccepted offer to bind its own hands, should seize you again with tenfold fury. Permit me to add to these, very sincere assurances of the sentiments of esteem and respect, with which I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

TH. JEFFERSON."

The following extracts from letters, the first addressed to Mr. Jay, the second to Thomas Paine, and the third to Mr. Madison, are among the passages we have alluded to as throwing light on the state of parties at the meeting of the States-general:—

"The States-general were opened on the 4th instant, by a speech from the throne, one by the Garde des Sceaux, and one from Mr. Necker. I hope they will be printed in time to send you herewith: lest they should not, I will observe, that that of Mr. Necker, stated the real and ordinary deficit to be fifty-six millions, and that he showed that this could be made up without a new tax, by economies and bonifications which he specified. Several articles of the latter are liable to the objection that they are proposed on branches of the revenue, of which the nation has demanded a suppression. He tripped too

lightly over the great articles of constitutional reformation, these being not as clearly enounced in this discourse as they were in his 'Rapport au roy,' which I sent you some time ago. On the whole, his discourse has not satisfied the patriotic party. It is now, for the first time, that their revolution is likely to receive a serious check, and begins to wear a fearful appearance. The progress of light and liberality in the order of the Noblesse has equalled expectation in Paris only, and its vicinities. The great mass of deputies of that order, which come from the country, show that the habits of tyranny over the people are deeply rooted in them. They will consent, indeed, to equal taxation; but five-sixths of that chamber are thought to be decidedly for voting by orders; so that, had this great preliminary question rested on this body, which formed heretofore the sole hope, that hope would have been completely disappointed. Some aid, however, comes in from a quarter whence none was expected. It was imagined the ecclesiastical elections would have been generally in favour of the higher clergy; on the contrary, the lower clergy have obtained five-sixths of these deputations. These are the sons of peasants, who have done all the drudgery of the service for ten, twenty, and thirty guineas a year, and whose oppressions and penury, contrasted with the pride and luxury of the higher clergy, have rendered them perfectly disposed to humble the latter. They have done it, in many instances, with a boldness they were thought insusceptible of. Great hopes have been formed, that these would concur with the Tiers Etat in voting by persons. In fact, about half of them seem as yet so disposed; but the bishops are intriguing, and drawing them over with the address which has ever marked ecclesiastical intrigue. The deputies of the Tiers Etat seem, almost to a man, inflexibly determined against the vote by orders. This is the state of parties, as well as can be judged from conversation only, during the fortnight they have been now together. But as no business has been yet begun, no votes as yet taken, this calculation cannot be considered as sure. A middle proposition is talked of, to form the two privileged orders into one chamber. It is thought more possible to bring them into it than the Tiers Etat. Another proposition is, to distinguish questions, referring those of certain descriptions to a vote by persons, others to a vote by orders. This seems to admit of endless altercation, and the Tiers Etat manifest no respect for that, or any other modification whatever. Were this single question accommodated, I am of opinion there would not occur the least difficulty in the great and essential points of constitutional reformation. But on this preliminary question the parties are so irreconcilable, that it is impossible to foresee what issue it will have. The Tiers Etat, as constituting the nation, may propose to do the business of the nation, either with or without the minorities in the Houses of Clergy and Nobles, which side with them. In that case, if the King should agree to it, the majorities in those two Houses would secede, and might resist the tax-gatherers. This would bring on a civil war. On the other hand, the privileged orders, offering to submit to equal taxation, may propose to the King to continue the government in its former train, resuming to himself the power of taxation. Here, the tax-gatherers might be resisted by the people. In fine, it is but too possible, that between parties so animated, the King may incline the balance as he pleases. Happy that he is an honest, unambitious man, who desires neither money nor power for himself; and that his most operative minister, though he has appeared to trim a little, is still, in the main, a friend to public liberty." ii. 462—464.

"You know that the States-general have met, and probably have seen the speeches at the

opening of them. The three orders sit in distinct chambers. The great question, whether they shall vote by orders or persons, can never be surmounted amicably. It has not yet been proposed in form; but the votes which have been taken on the outworks of that question show, that the Tiers Etat are unanimous, a good majority of the Clergy (consisting of the Curés) disposed to side with the Tiers Etat, and in the chamber of the Noblesse, there are only fifty-four in that sentiment, against one hundred and ninety, who are for voting by orders. Committees to find means of conciliation are appointed by each chamber; but conciliation is impossible. Some think the Nobles could be induced to unite themselves with the *higher Clergy* into one House, the lower clergy and Tiers Etat forming another. But the Tiers Etat are immovable. They are not only firm, but a little disdainful. The question is, what will ensue? One idea is to separate, in order to consult again their constituents, and to take new instructions. This would be doing nothing, for the same instructions would be repeated; and what, in the mean time, is to become of a government absolutely without money, and which cannot be kept in motion with less than a million of livres a day? The more probable expectation is, as follows: As soon as it shall become evident, that no amicable determination of the manner of voting can take place, the Tiers Etat will send an invitation to the two other orders, to come and take their places in the common chamber. A majority of the Clergy will go, and the minority of the Noblesse. The chamber thus composed will declare that the States-general are constituted, will notify it to the King, and that they are ready to proceed to business. If the King refuses to do business with them, and adheres to the Nobles, the common chamber will declare all taxes at an end, will form a declaration of rights, and do such other acts as the circumstances will permit, and go home. The tax-gatherers will then be resisted, and it may well be doubted whether the soldiery and their officers will not divide, as the Tiers Etat and Nobles. But it is more likely that the King will agree to do business with the States-general so constituted, professing that the necessities of the moment force this, and that he means to negotiate (as they go along) a reconciliation between the seceding members, and those which remain. If the matter takes this turn, there may be small troubles and ebullitions excited by the seceding Noblesse and higher Clergy; but no serious difficulty can arise." vol. ii. 472-473.

"Committees of conciliation having failed in their endeavours to bring together the three chambers of the States-general, the King proposed a specific mode of verifying their powers; for that having been the first question which presented itself to them, was the one in which the question of voting by persons or orders was first brought on. The Clergy accepted unconditionally. The Noblesse accepted on conditions which reduced the acceptance to nothing at all. The Commons considered this as a refusal on the part of the Nobles, and thereupon took their definitive resolution, to invite the other two orders to come and verify their powers in common, and to notify them they should proceed with or without them to verify, and to do the business of the nation. This was on the 10th. On the 15th, they moved to declare themselves the National Assembly. The debates on this were finished yesterday, when the proposition was agreed to, by four hundred and odd, against eighty odd. The minority agreed in substance, but wished some particular amendment. They then immediately made the proposition relative to taxes, which I inclose you, as this moment stated to me, by memory, by a member who left the Assembly a little before the question, because there was no opposition to the matter, but only

to the form. He assures me, on the information of another member who was present, that Turgot's motion passed. We shall know, I think, within a day or two, whether the government will risk a bankruptcy and civil war, rather than see all distinction of orders done away, which is what the Commons will push for. If the fear of the former alternative prevails, they will spin the matter into negotiation. The Commons have in their chamber almost all the talents of the nation; they are firm and bold, yet moderate. There is, indeed, among them, a number of very hot-headed members; but those of most influence are cool, temperate, and sagacious. Every step of this House has been marked with caution and wisdom. The Noblesse, on the contrary, are absolutely out of their senses. They are so furious, they can seldom debate at all. They have few men of moderate talents, and not one of great, in the majority. Their proceedings have been very injudicious. The Clergy are waiting to profit of every incident to secure themselves, and have no other object in view. Among the Commons, there is an entire unanimity on the great question of voting by persons. Among the Noblesse, there are about sixty for the Commons, and about three times that number against them. Among the Clergy, about twenty have already come over and joined the Commons, and in the course of a few days, they will be joined by many more, not indeed making the majority of that House, but very near it. The Bishops and Archbishops have been very successful by bribes and intrigues, in detaching the Curés from the Commons, to whom they were at first attached to a man. The Commons are about five hundred and fifty-four in number, of whom three hundred and forty-four are of the law. These do not possess an influence founded in property; but in their habits of business and acquaintance with the people, and in their means of exciting them as they please. The Curés throughout the kingdom form the mass of the Clergy: they are the only part favourably known to the people, because solely charged with the duties of baptism, burial, confession, visitation of the sick, instruction of the children, and aiding the poor; they are themselves of the people, and united with them. The carriages and equipage only of the higher Clergy, not their persons, are known to the people, and are in detestation with them. The soldiers will follow their officers, that is to say, their captains, lieutenants, and ensigns. These are of the lower nobility, and therefore much divided. The colonels and higher officers are of the higher nobility, are seldom with the soldiers, little known to them, not possessing their attachment. These circumstances give them little weight in the partition of the army." vol. ii. p. 484-485.

The following letter to M. de la Fayette during Bonaparte's abode in Elba, and which probably reached its destination after his triumphant entry into Paris, is, on that account, not less than for the intrinsic value of its contents, one of the most interesting in the four volumes:—

To the Marquis de la Fayette.

Monticello, Feb. 14, 1815.

"My Dear Friend,—Your letter of August the 14th has been received and read, again and again, with extraordinary pleasure. It is the first glimpse which has been furnished me of the interior workings of the late unexpected but fortunate revolution of your country. The newspapers told us only that the great beast was fallen; but what part in this the patriots acted, and what the egoists, whether the former slept while the latter were awake to their own interests only, the hireling scribblers of the English press said little, and knew less. I see now the mortifying alternative under which the patriot there is placed, of being either silent, or disgraced by an association in opposition with the remains of Buonapartism. A full measure of

liberty is not now perhaps to be expected by your nation; nor am I confident they are prepared to preserve it. More than a generation will be requisite, under the administration of reasonable laws, favouring the progress of knowledge in the general mass of the people, and their habitation to an independent security of person and property, before they will be capable of estimating the value of freedom, and the necessity of a sacred adherence to the principles on which it rests for preservation. Instead of that liberty which takes root and growth in the progress of reason, if recovered by mere force or accident, it becomes, with an unprepared people, a tyranny still, of the many, the few, or the one. Possibly you may remember, at the date of the *feu de paille*, how earnestly I urged yourself and the patriots of my acquaintance, to enter then into a compact with the king, securing freedom of religion, freedom of the press, trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, and a national legislature, all of which it was known he would then yield, to go home, and let these work on the amelioration of the condition of the people, until they should have rendered them capable of more, when occasions would not fail to arise for communicating to them more. This was as much as I then thought them able to bear, soberly and usefully for themselves. You thought otherwise, and that the dose might still be larger. And I found you were right; for subsequent events proved they were equal to the constitution of 1791. Unfortunately, some of the most honest and enlightened of our patriotic friends, (but closet politicians merely, unpractised in the knowledge of man,) thought more could still be obtained and borne. They did not weigh the hazards of a transition from one form of government to another, the value of what they had already rescued from those hazards, and might hold in security if they pleased, nor the imprudence of giving up the certainty of such a degree of liberty, under a limited monarch, for the uncertainty of a little more under the form of a republic. You differed from them. You were for stopping there, and for securing the constitution which the National Assembly had obtained. Here, too, you were right; and from this fatal error of the republicans, from their separation from yourself and the constitutionalists in their councils, flowed all the subsequent sufferings and crimes of the French nation. The hazards of a second change fell upon them by the way. The foreigner gained time to anarchise by gold the government he could not overthrow by arms, to crush in their own councils the genuine republicans, by the fraternal embraces of exaggerated and hireling pretenders, and to turn the machine of Jacobinism from the change to the destruction of order: and, in the end, the limited monarchy they had secured was exchanged for the unprincipled and bloody tyranny of Robespierre, and the equally unprincipled and maniac tyranny of Buonaparte. You are now rid of him, and I sincerely wish you may continue so. But this may depend on the wisdom and moderation of the restored dynasty. It is for them now to read a lesson in the fatal errors of the republicans; to be contented with a certain portion of power, secured by formal compact with the nation, rather than, grasping at more, hazard all upon uncertainty, and risk meeting the fate of their predecessor, or a renewal of their own exile." vol. iv. p. 253-4.

CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

The History of Maritime and Inland Discovery.
Vol. I. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

If the future volumes of the work in which Dr. Lardner is engaged shall correspond in quality with that which now lies before us, the Cabinet Cyclopædia will not only merit its high-sounding title, but justly take precedence in

character, as it does in pretension, of all the numerous series of works and libraries which it has become almost a rage to publish in periodical parts.

We forgive the conductors of the Cabinet Cyclopædia for yielding so far as they have done to popular habits and prejudices, for condescending to the practices of the day, and affecting to think that more favour was to be obtained by sounding names than substantial merit: we pardon them their so far giving way to the puffing system, by which the book-world has been so long ruled, in consideration of the proof they afford us in the second volume they send forth, that it is not popular reputation only that they look to: but that learning, research, acuteness, and philosophical reflection, have also merit in their eyes, and are to be enlisted in their service.

It is a long time since we have seen a book more deserving of popularity than this. The subject with which it is occupied is one of most lively interest: it opens to the author a most extensive field of research, calls his learning and experience, and knowledge of various languages into play, gives full scope to the exercise of critical sagacity, and, at the same time, is peculiarly suited for that mode of treatment which is likely to render it captivating to the general reader.

Under the hands of the anonymous author of this publication, none of the capabilities of the subject have been allowed to be neglected. His volume is full of most amusing and instructive information; much of it submitted for the first time to the notice of the English reader. We shall take an opportunity of returning to it, for it deserves a more detailed notice than we are at present in a situation to bestow on it. In the meantime our readers we conclude will not complain of having a specimen placed before them of the manner in which the work is executed. For this purpose, instead of applying to those parts which, as consisting of personal narrative, would necessarily be presumed to be of a diverting nature, we shall have recourse to a portion of the work which might be supposed to be of a dry character, namely, a sketch of the history of Maps of the Middle Ages. The passages selected, while they contain some highly curious facts, exhibit a very fair, and we think by no means an unfavourable example of the diligence of our author's researches, and his manner of imparting their results.

MAPS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

"Maps do not appear to have been very uncommon even in the darkest ages: however erroneous they may have been in their construction, they are often referred to by the monkish writers. Saint Gal, the founder of the celebrated abbey which bears his name, (a name which has been subsequently transmitted to a Swiss canton,) and who lived in the seventh century, possessed a map which is said, by the historian of that abbey, to have been of a 'curious workmanship.' Charlemagne had three tables of silver, on which were severally represented the earth, the cities of Rome and Constantinople. His grandson Lothaire, in the war which he waged with the other Carolingian princes, broke the first of these tables in pieces, and distributed the fragments among his soldiers.

"But the most curious geographical monument of the middle ages is a map preserved in the library of Turin, attached to a manuscript commentary on the Apocalypse, which was written in the year 787. It represents the earth as a plane bounded by a circular line, and divided into three unequal parts. To the South, Africa is separated by the ocean from a land called the *fourth division of the world*, where the antipodes dwell, and which the excessive heat of the torrid zone has hitherto prevented from being visited. At the four sides of the world are repre-

sented the figures of the four winds, each astride upon a pair of bellows, which he labours, and at the same time has a conch shell applied to his mouth, from which he blows hurricanes, as may be conjectured from his distended cheeks. At the top of the map (which is the East), are Adam and Eve, the serpent and the tree of forbidden fruit. At their right hand is Asia, with two high mountains, and the words *Mount Caucasus* and *Armenia*. From these mountains descends the river Euphrates, (Phasis?) and falls into a sea which unites with the ocean, and separates Europe from Asia. Thus the author returned, in this part of his map, to the geography of the primitive Greeks. In the middle of the map is Mount Carmel, Mount Sinai, Judea, and some other names belonging to the Holy Land. Near a river, which seems intended to represent the Euphrates, are the words *Abicusia*, *Timisci*, *fizi compi de Sera*. In India are the islands *Criza* and *Algure*, the *Chryse* and *Argurea*, or gold and silver islands of the ancients. The Nile is also represented, and a note appended to intimate that it flows from distant mountains, and over sands of gold. Thus the obscurity which involves the origin of the Nile has been in all ages a subject of observation and source of fable. To the north of this map is the island *Tile*. In fine, beyond Asia, to the south, are written these words,—"Besides these three parts of the world, there is beyond the ocean a fourth, which the extreme heat of the sun prohibits our being acquainted with, and on the confines of which is the country of the fabulous antipodes." p. 231-2.

"Among the maps of the second class, the most remarkable are those which seem to point out some important discoveries to the west of Europe and of Africa, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The Scandinavians, it has been seen, were acquainted with, or even settled in Newfoundland, or some part of the continent of North America, as early as the eleventh century. But these navigations in the north-west, were little thought of by the inhabitants of the south of Europe, and have nothing in common with certain discoveries towards the south-west, indicated merely by the maps of those ages, and without any support from the evidence of history.

"A Spanish map, composed in 1346, presents Cape Boyador as a point already known, and which had been doubted by navigators. A ship is said to have sailed in the same year from Genoa for a river named *Vedamel*, or *Rui Jaura*, probably Rio do Ouro, and was never afterwards heard of. The Genoese historians assert, moreover, that two of their countrymen, Tedisio Doria and Ugolino Vivaldi, embarked in the year 1291, with the intention of sailing to India by the West; but no allusion is made to the fate of these adventurers. The Canary islands were never totally lost sight of: the Arabian geographers, from whom the Spaniards and Portuguese derived a good deal of information, frequently described them: they make their appearance in the Spanish map above referred to, in which Teneriffe bears the name of *Inferno*, or the Isle of *Hades*; for it appears that the ancient mythic tales respecting the kingdom of the blessed, and the dwellings of the dead, remained firmly attached to the Western Ocean.

"The island of Madeira appears on a map made in 1384, under the name of *Isola di Legname*, or Isle of Wood, which is actually the signification of its present name, yet the discovery of this island is generally supposed to have been made in the year 1419, or five-and-thirty years later than the construction of this map; but seamen, perhaps, were acquainted with it for ages before; and the first discovery, in this as in many other instances, is dated from the time when policy and learning began to give attention to the information of the mariner.

"Many a hardy navigator, possessing all the courage and determination of Columbus, may,

probably, have perished in the attempt to sail to India by the West; many a one may have made important discoveries which were subsequently forgotten. The dark ages, though they wanted an enlightened observation of passing events, did not want for active and enterprising spirits. The names of the *Isles of Brazil*, or *fire*, of *Corvus Marinos*, and of *Sant Jorzi*, which occur in maps of the fourteenth century, prove that the Azores were already obscurely known before the year 1380; and, indeed, there are some who wish to attribute the honour of their discovery to the Moorish inhabitants of Spain.

"None of these discoveries interferes in the least with that made by Columbus; but one remains to be considered, which, if its reality were fully proved, would reduce the merit of that great navigator to the mere rediscovery of countries which were known, perhaps, a century before his time. This supposed discovery is indicated in a map constructed by Andrea Bianco in 1436, and preserved in the public library of Venice. In this map, the old world is represented as one great continent, nearly divided into two unequal portions by the Mediterranean, and by the Indian Ocean, which runs from west to east, and includes a multitude of islands. Africa stretches from west to east, in a line parallel with Europe and Asia; Ethiopia towards the east, and the kingdom of Prester John, are extended towards its southern extremity: like the Africa of the ancients, it still terminates to the north of the equator; the deep gulf which is formed by the sea on the western side, is, consequently, omitted. The shape given to Asia is quite as erroneous; the southern coast runs direct from west to east; the peninsula of India, and the Bay of Bengal, are of course suppressed. The eastern side of Asia runs out into two great promontories, separated by an immense gulf; on that which is towards the north, are placed *Gog* and *Magog*; the southern promontory is *Paradise*, with its four great rivers, two of which run into the Caspian Sea. To the west of these regions, succeed the kingdoms of *Cathay* and *Cocobalich*, or *Cambalu*, then the city of *Samarcand*, and northern India, with some cities, of which the names (such as *Udexi*, *Omindan*, *Lagade*, &c.) are not easily interpreted; after these, follow Persia and Syria. The nations of Europe are all mentioned, with the exception of Poland and Hungary, Tataria is placed immediately at the east of Europe, and Russia occupies nearly all the north; it is separated from Sweden and Norway, by a great mountain.

"Thus far, Bianco's map exhibits more ignorance than fiction: the chief errors which it commits in the outlines of Africa and Asia, are copied servilely from ancient writers. But in the north and west, it contains some indications of a more positive character. It exhibits Iceland, and the island called Friesland, as described by the Zeni, and besides these, another island in the north-west, which bears the name of *Scorofiza* or *Stokfiza*. This word is supposed to be intended for *Stockfish* (as the cod-fish is called in northern languages), and to be here applied to Newfoundland, where the cod fishery is carried on most extensively.

"However, it must be observed, that Iceland was at that time remarkable for its great fisheries; and Nicolo Zeno remarked, in his account of Friesland, that the fisheries of that country were capable of supplying Flanders, England, Denmark, and many other countries. It is possible, therefore, that the word *Stokfiza*, or *Stockfish*, in Bianco's map, may not be designed to represent any particular island, but may be intended merely to incorporate, after the custom of the middle ages, the *mirabilia*, or wonders of this quarter of the world.

"But the island *Stokfiza* is not the only singularity which occurs in the map of Andrea Bianco. To the west of the Canary islands, he

places a country of great length, and of a quadrilateral form, to which he gives the name of *Antilia*. This country, in the same situation and with the same name, is also formed on the globe made by Martin Behaim at the close of the fifteenth century. Many believe that the *Antilia* of Bianco, could be no other than the continent of South America; while others maintain, that it owed its existence wholly to the author's imagination. Whatever may be the difficulties attending the former hypothesis, it must be confessed, that the latter is far from being satisfactory; for the imagination of man is by no means endowed with such a degree of spontaneous fertility, as to spare the critic the trouble of inquiring into the sources of its apparent creations. But as the map of Bianco was certainly not so sceptically considered by his contemporaries, his indication of the island *Antilia* is not without importance in the history of geography." p. 234-237.

TRAVELS OF RUBRUQUIS.

We must close our present notice with the following extract from an interesting narrative of an embassy from St. Louis, King of France, to Sartach, a Tatar prince, whose territories lay between the Don and the Volga. The object of the mission was to confirm and instruct him in the Christian faith, which he was affirmed to have newly adopted. At the head of the mission was William de Rubruquis, or Van Ruysbroek, a minorite friar, from a village of that name near Brussels. He was particularly enjoined to observe what was the religion of the Mongol.

"Our friar and his companions set out in June, 1253, on their journey towards the Don. 'Towards the mouth of this river,' observes Rubruquis, 'there are many lofty promontories; and between Kersova and Soldaia (Sudak) there are forty castles, at almost each of which a distinct language is spoken: in this place are many Goths, who speak the Teutonic language.' These were the descendants of the German tribes who migrated towards the shores of the Black Sea in the fourth century, and who still preserved their language in the middle of the sixteenth century, when Busbequius conversed with several of them in Constantinople.

"As soon as the friars came among the Tatars they were placed under 'the shade of certain black carts,' and surrounded by a number of horsemen. Their wine and provisions were taken from them; and they were kept in continual alarm by the rude menaces of the fierce Mahometans. At length, having showed some letters which they bore to one Zagathai, a nobleman in that province, who was related to the Khan, they were furnished with horses and oxen to enable them to proceed to their destination.

"Next morning our travellers met the carts of Zagathai laden with houses; and I thought,' says Rubruquis, 'a great city was travelling towards us. I was astonished at the prodigious droves of oxen and horses, and the immense flocks of sheep, though I saw very few men to guide them, which made me inquire how many men he had under his command, and I was informed that he had not five hundred in all, half of whom had passed on to another station.' In the course of the day they were introduced to Zagathai, who asked them if they would drink *cosmos*, (koomis, a drink made of mares' milk,) to which they gave an evasive answer: for it appears that the Greek, Russian, and other Christians, who mixed with the Tatars, made it a point to abstain from drinking that infidel beverage. They do not appear to have experienced here a very generous hospitality, or perhaps their stomachs were not yet reconciled to Tatar fare: so that, 'if it had not been for the grace of God,' says the pious friar, 'and the biscuit which we brought with us, we had surely perished.' They remained in the horde of Zagathai for ten days, and then set out

on their journey, travelling due north till they reached the head of the Sea of Asoph; they then turned towards the east, having the sea on their right hand and a vast desert on the left, which, they were told, was in some places twenty days in breadth, without mountain, tree, or even stones. In this great plain the *Comani*, called *Capehat* (Kipjak), fed their cattle. The region beyond the Don appeared to Rubruquis extremely beautiful, especially towards the north, where there were great rivers and extensive forests. 'In the course of our journey,' says he, 'we left to the south certain great mountains, on whose side, towards the desert, dwell the *Cergis* (Cherkes or Circassians), and the *Alani* or *Acas*, who are Christians, and still carry on war with the Tatars.' These *Alans*, or *Acas*, were the ancestors of the *Ossi*, who at present inhabit the broad valleys of the Caucasus.

"After a painful journey of two months, during all which time he never once enjoyed the shelter of a house or tent, but was obliged to pass the nights in his cart in the open air, he reached the encampments of Sartach Khan upon the Volga. This prince maintained a splendid court. He had six wives, and each of these ladies had a great house besides smaller ones of the ordinary kind, and a train of two hundred travelling carts. 'Their houses,' says our traveller, 'are made of wickers, plaited together and placed on carts, some of which are so large, that measuring once the breadth between the wheel-ruts of one of their carts, I found it to be twenty feet across, and when the house was upon the cart it reached over the wheels on each side five feet at least. I reckoned twenty-two oxen in one team, drawing a house upon a cart, eleven abreast. The axle of the cart was of a huge bigness, like the mast of a ship. The men that drove the cart stood before the door of the house. They go at a slow rate; and when they come to any place where they intend to make some stay, they take down the houses from the carts, turning the door towards the south, and placing the master's bed at the north end of the house.'

"When the friars were introduced to Sartach, Rubruquis commenced an apology for appearing in his presence empty handed, and excused himself on account of the poverty of his order: to this the Mongol politely answered, that it was creditable in a monk to observe his vow; that he himself did not need the gift of any one, but was willing to give his visitors whatever they might need. He then made the monks recite a benediction for him, and asked some questions respecting the king of France.

"In the morning our travellers were ordered to appear at court with the king's letters, and with all their books, vestments, and other curiosities. 'We were commanded,' says Rubruquis, 'to array ourselves in our sacred vestments to appear in them before the prince. Putting on, therefore, our most precious ornaments, I took a rich cushion in my arms, together with the Bible which I had from the king of France, and the beautiful Psalter, ornamented with fine paintings, which the queen bestowed upon me; my companion at the same time carried the missal and a crucifix; and the clerk, clothed in his surplice, bore a censer in his hand. In this order we presented ourselves; and the felt hanging before the lord's door being withdrawn, we appeared in his presence. Then the clerk and interpreter were ordered to make three genuflexions, a humiliation from which we were exempted; but they admonished us to be exceedingly careful not to touch the threshold of the door; we were desired also to sing a benediction or prayer for the lord, and so we entered in singing the *Salve Regina*.' After Sartach and his wives had regaled their eyes with this strange spectacle, they narrowly examined the censer, Psalter, and Bible; and after a little time the friars were

dismissed; the prince graciously permitting them to carry back their books and sacred vestments, which were coveted exceedingly by the attendants.

"The curiosity of Sartach being sufficiently gratified, Rubruquis and his companions received orders to proceed to the court of Baatu Khan; their mission being considered one of such importance, that the prince dared not determine respecting it without the advice and consent of the khan his father. When Rubruquis ventured to make inquiries respecting the religious conversion of Sartach, he was warned to be careful what language he used on that subject, and told in angry terms that the prince was not a *Christian* but a *Mongol*. This employment of the word *Christian*, as a mere national designation, must have disconcerted not a little our zealous Minorites." p. 261—265.

Rubruquis and his companions are subsequently conducted to the court of Manju Khan. There they met with a number of European prisoners, employed as artisans in a variety of ways. Among these, the most distinguished seems to have been a Parisian goldsmith, William Bouchier, of whose ingenious works, the following is an instance.

"Near this palace," says Rubruquis, "are a great many buildings like our barns, in which the victuals and treasures belonging to the khan are stored. But as it was unbecoming to have flagons going about the hall of the palace, as in a tavern, William Bouchier, the goldsmith, planned and executed a great silver tree, just without the middle entrance of the great hall, at the root of which are four silver lions, having pipes discharging pure cows' milk. Four pipes are conveyed up the body of the tree to its top, which spreads out into four great boughs, hanging downwards: on each of these boughs is a golden serpent, the tail of which twines round the body of the tree; and each of these serpents forms a pipe, one discharging wine, a second caracosmos, another mead, and the fourth tarancia, or a drink made of arrack: belonging to each pipe is a vessel or reservoir. On the top, between the four pipes, there stands the figure of an angel with a trumpet, and under the tree is a vault in which a man lies concealed, from whom a pipe ascends to the angel: on a signal given by the butler, he blows with all his might, and the trumpet sounds. In a building without the palace the liquor is stored, and poured by servants into pipes communicating with the tree; from which it is discharged into appropriate vessels, and distributed by the butler to the company. The palace is like a church having a middle aisle and two side ones, with two rows of pillars. Three gates open into it on the south, and before the middle one stands the silver tree: the khan sits at the north end, on an elevated place, that he may be seen by all; and there are two flights of steps ascending to him, by one of which his cup-bearer ascends, and comes down by the other. The men sit on the right hand of the khan, and the women on the left. In this description, drawn from a court in the heart of Asia, there is not a little which may recall to mind the manners of European nations in early ages. The figure of the hall of meeting, the dais, or elevated place on which the khan was seated, and the rude conviviality of an assembly of nobles, all employed in drinking, are striking traits of national resemblance. After several interviews with Mangu Khan, who appears to have been at a loss to comprehend the object of his mission, Rubruquis received permission to depart, and was entrusted with a letter from the khan to the King of France." p. 268—270.

We shall return to this interesting work.

ODE.

I CANNOT veil mine eyelids from the light,
I cannot turn away
From this insulting and importunate day,
That momentarily grows fiercer and more bright,
And wakes the hideous hum of monstrous flies
In my vexed ear, and beats
On the broad panes, and like a furnace heats
The chamber of my rest, and bids me rise.

I cannot follow thy departing track,
Nor tell in what far meadows, gentle sleep,
Thou art delaying. I would win thee back
Were mine some heavy potion, or dull spell,
Or charmed girdle, mighty to compel
Thy heavy grace: for I have heard it said
Thou art no flatterer, who dost only keep
In kingly haunts, leaving unvisited
The poor man's lowlier shed.
And when the day is joyless, and its task
Unprofitable, I were fain to ask
Why thou wilt give it such a weary space—
Why thou wilt leave us such an ample scope
For memory, and for that which men call hope;
Nor wind in one embrace
Sad eve, and night forlorn,
And undelightful morn.

If with the joyous were thine only home,
I would not so far wrong thee as to ask
This boon, or summon thee from happier task:
But no—for then thou wouldst too often roam
And find no rest. For me, I cannot tell
What tearless lids there are, where thou mightst
dwell,

I know not any unenthralled of sorrow,
I know not one to whom this gladsome morrow,
So full of living motion, new and bright,
Will be a summons to secure delight.
And thus I shall not harm thee, if I claim
Awhile thy presence.—Oh! mysterious sleep!
Some call thee shadow of a mightier name,
And whisper how that nightly thou dost keep
A roll and count for him—
Then be thou on my spirit like his presence dim.

Yet if my limbs were heavy with sweet toil,
I had not needed to have wooed thy might,
But till thy timely flight
Had lain securely in thy peaceful coil;
Or if my heart were lighter, long ago
Had crushed the dewy morn upon the sod,
Darkening where I trod,
As once my pleasure was, but now it is not so.

And therefore am I seeking to entwine
A coronal of poppies for my head,
Or wreath it with a wreath engarlanded
By Lethe's slumberous waters.—Oh! that mine
Were some dim chamber, turning to the north,
With latticed casement, bedded deep in leaves,
That, opening with sweet murmur, might look
forth

On quiet fields, from broad o'erhanging eaves,
And ever, when the spring its garland weaves,
Were darkened with encroaching ivy trail,
And jagged vine-leaves' shade,
And all its pavement starred with blossoms pale,
Of jasmine, when the wind's least stir was made,
Where the sunbeam were verdurous-cool, before
It wound into that quiet nook, to paint
With interspace of light and colour faint
That tessellated floor.

How pleasant were it there in dim recess,
In some close-curtained haunt of quietness,
To hear no tones of human pain, or care,
Our own or others—little heeding there
If morn, or noon, or night,
Pursued their weary flight,
But musing what an easy thing it were
To mix our opiates in a larger cup,
And drink, and not perceive
Sleep, deepening, lead his truer kinsman up,
Like undistinguished night, darkening the skirts
of eve. R. T.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

It may seem to be a beginning at the wrong end, to commence our humble tribute to the memory of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by alluding to the difficulties which occur in the choice of a successor to him, as President of the Royal Academy. Yet, a little reflection, we think, will justify our adopting that order of proceeding, since it happens that the enumeration of those difficulties would form the highest encomium that could be bestowed on the deceased artist: for what are the objections made to every one of the persons who are mentioned as probable candidates for the honour of filling the vacant chair, but so many testimonies to the various kinds of merit and multifarious qualifications of him whose place it has become necessary, after some fashion or other, to supply? Against one man, allowed to possess genius as an artist, it is urged that he has not the required urbanity of temper and refinement of manners for so elevated a station: another is acknowledged to be a scholar, a good speaker, a man of delicate taste, a gentleman in habits and demeanour, and inspired by a lively feeling for the arts; but he is objected to as deficient in the degree of power in that department of his art, connected with the execution of works, which would place him so nearly on an equality with the most excellent of his fellow-academicians as to permit the superiority of his qualifications as a man to be received as a counterpoise to his inferiority as an artist. What is the natural inference with regard to Sir Thomas Lawrence forced on the minds of listeners to speculations such as these, but that he was happily endowed with a combination of all those qualities, the absence of the one or other of which forms an obstacle to the nomination of every surviving artist, whom the zeal of friends or partisans, overlooking partial inaptitude, would place in the office of President of the Royal Academy of Great Britain?

Nor is such inference wrong, or in the least overstrained. The late President certainly did unite in his person such a variety of qualities peculiarly fitting him for the situation he held, as we must despair of meeting again in a single individual. He did not, it is true, practise that branch of the art of painting which ranks first; had he done so with the same success which he attained in the line to which he devoted himself, he would have been a perfect—not comparatively, but absolutely perfect—President. But if he did not follow the highest branch of art, he took the loftiest walk in that which he did pursue; and, in his practice in an inferior department, displayed several of those qualities which are considered to be among the most requisite, the most admired, and the most productive of pleasing emotion, in works of the first order. And in portrait-painting, Sir Thomas Lawrence stood alone in his age; his style was peculiar to himself, and originated with him; and whether that style be perfect, or have its faults, his pre-eminence was such, that in the attempt to arrive at an estimate of his works, no one would for a moment think of measuring them by a standard formed from the productions of his contemporaries, either of this or any other country,—for he was first, as he was alone. His name, instead of being associated with those of modern artists, is classed with those of masters on whom posterity has already pronounced; and the comparison of his portraits with those of Vandyke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, occurs more obviously and naturally, than with those who would pretend to compete with him for fame at the present day. As the greatest portrait painter of his day, as the master more successful in the branch of the arts he practised, than any of his contemporaries in their respective fields of display, he had then claims above question to the honourable situation to which the suffrages of his brother

artists had raised him. As a man, his pretensions were equally incontestable. His accomplishments as a gentleman have been much and justly dwelt on; and it was not possible to observe him, while engaged in performing the offices of President, without tracing the influence over his manners and demeanours of that delicacy and disposition to refinement, so strikingly displayed in his paintings, and which were no doubt part of his nature. His manners were polished, without being affected; courtly, without being pompous; quiet, easy, and altogether gentlemanly. In his public discourses, he was apt and neat in his expression; his words went beyond his delivery, in indicating a warm and artist-like feeling; the innate taste, which had caused him to adopt that refinement of manners, perhaps a little in the excess, which requires the suppression of all exhibition of strong emotion in the intercourse of society, accompanied him to the rostrum; and the reader of a speech of his, would discover in its meaning a warmth, and even an enthusiasm, of which his hearer would not have been conscious, so little did he allow his voice and gesture to participate in them. This was, doubtless, a defect; for it rendered his harangues too unimpassioned to be interesting. It seems probable, however, that this coldness,—for coldness it did amount to,—may be attributed, in some measure, to the physical affection to which, it seems, he was subject, and which at length terminated his existence.

The numerous anecdotes current respecting his benevolence, and above all, concerning the mode in which it was exercised, show that his inward feelings were warm, however little that warmth appeared in the exterior. His influence over the body, of which he was the head, was ever exercised in the cause of the unfortunate.

It follows, we think, from what we have stated, that, as an artist, a gentleman, and a man, Sir Thomas Lawrence was eminently qualified for the seat he occupied in the Royal Academy of Arts. And what more can be said in his praise, than pronouncing him worthy to be the head of a society, which, with an exception or two to be lamented, counts among its members the most eminent followers of the three sister arts in the united kingdom?

Treating the merits of Sir Thomas Lawrence as an artist less generally than we have yet done, we may observe, that his most striking qualities were grace and elegance in the disposition of his figures, and the arrangement of his colours, drawing exquisitely true in his heads, facility rather than power of pencilling. He was peculiarly the artist of the age, and was eminently successful in the delineation of that remarkable union of simplicity with elegance, which, perhaps we do not greatly err in supposing to characterise the manners of a class of society in the times we live, more forcibly than those of any preceding generation. He was certainly greater in female than in male portraits. In the former he was almost equally successful, whether he attempted to elevate the insipidity of mere *ton*, or to portray with elegance, yet with truth, countenances endowed by nature with more striking character. In the one and the other he was constantly elegant: his pictures breathed the atmosphere of the court and drawing-room. His male portraits, although some of them are admirable performances, and equal in the drawing of the heads the most admired of his female resemblances, want the power of mind, simple grandeur, and intensity to be observed in the portraits of Titian; they have not the noble elevation of Reynolds, nor Vandyke's purity of character.

Speaking generally of his productions, it may be said, that, as to the arrangement and effect of his pictures, though always sparkling and pleasing, yet do they not possess the broad splendour of Reynolds, Titian, or Rembrandt, nor have they

the quiet simplicity of Vandyke. The colouring is wanting in the richness and transparency of nature, and betrays the habit of painting with a view to exhibition. The most popular, and perhaps the most deservedly celebrated of his works are the King, in his robes of state, and the portrait of Mrs. Peel.

A word or two as to the career of the late President will naturally be expected from us. He came to London it appears at the age of 18, accomplished in manners, and very handsome in person. He had previously, however, and at the age we believe of 14, received a prize from the Society of Arts. At the period of his first arrival in the metropolis, he only painted in crayons, but these his early performances gave indications of that taste and facility of execution which arrived at such great perfection in his maturer works. He always acknowledged himself greatly indebted for the counsel he had received from the venerable President of the Royal Academy, his predecessor. He was a great admirer of Raphael and Rembrandt; but was altogether self-taught, for he had never studied under any particular master. He was ever an early riser, and very assiduous in his profession—he worked in short both early and late. This fact, and the excellence he attained in his art, are a sufficient refutation of the calumny which charges him with sacrificing his valuable time at the gaming table.

Those who knew him well, represent his temper as being generally mild and placable, keenly susceptible of injury, but generous and forgiving in the extreme. Gross and vulgar manners were particularly offensive to him; he spoke with fluency and elegance, and was considered an acute and a sound critic, not only in works of art but in general literature. He is said to have been at one time considered the best reader of Milton in England. He was never married, but it is reported, that he had been attached to a sister of his friend, Mr. Kemble. He was always liberal and kind to his brother artists, and was ever ready to encourage rising talent, both with his advice and purse. If the sincerity of his remarks on the works of others, has been sometimes suspected, the fault perhaps is not to be imputed to him. His liberality when exercised in a pecuniary way, was discriminating and well directed, often inconvenient to himself, always accompanied with delicacy—as an instance of this, we may refer to the case of the young sculptor, who, a few years ago, greatly distinguished himself at the Academy, and attracted the attention of the President, who became his patron, and advised him to go to Rome. "A friend of mine," said Sir Thomas Lawrence, "will supply you with the means of reaching Rome, and support you there; to me you are not indebted, as I am only the organ through which you receive the intimation of the kindness intended you: you have my best wishes." The sculptor has ever considered that his generous patron was Sir Thomas himself, and has held him as the person to whom his gratitude was due. The charity that dictated the destruction of a draft, in the presence of a man who had forged it, is an instance of benevolence of another kind, but not less noble. From among the many instances of the patronage extended by Sir Thomas Lawrence to his brother artists, we may be allowed to particularise the commissions he gave Flaxman, to execute round statues of Raphael and Michael Angelo, to Bailey for busts of Flaxman, Fuseli, Stothard, and Bone. He purchased Danby's "Sunset," when every body else was in doubt about it; and Etty's Pandora, when neglected by the Mæcenas of the age; he bought all Fuseli's drawings, giving 2000*l.* for them. To these instances of munificence is to be added, the recent gift to Lane, of the stone on which the portrait of Miss Kemble is drawn, with the commission to execute another also for himself. The favour to Mr. Lane we have heard valued at 1000*l.*

We cannot find a better conclusion to our notice of the late President, than by the following note, which has been furnished us, in justification of a practice adopted by him in common with other painters, and which some people have shown a disposition to censure, in our opinion, with very little cause:

"With reference to Sir T. Lawrence receiving money at the commencement of the picture, it is the practice of the profession generally in the case of portraits. It was established by Sir J. Reynolds for the following reason:—When Sir Joshua acquired his reputation, every body wanted their portraits by him; but when nearly completed, the parties never again appeared, having attained their ambition to be painted by Sir Joshua; he, therefore, in self-defence, required half price to be paid at the first sitting, and thereby ensured the attendance of no others than such as really intended to take the pictures when done. If people will go to the most celebrated painters, who, for the heads and hands, and general arrangement of their pictures, are unable to receive assistance, it follows, that they must wait for their pictures. Besides, people will not be turned away, as is proved by one instance, out of many that might be named, which have occurred to Sir Thomas Lawrence. The parents of the children who form the group, now so well known, through the engraving of Mr. Doo, and entitled "Nature," applied to him to take their portraits. Sir Thomas declined painting them; he had not time, and could not undertake the commission. He was urged to come and look at them. To this he was prevailed on; and when he saw them, he sighed, and said, "Ah! I must paint them." They were so beautiful that he could not resist the temptation; and who now wishes that he had? We should have lost one of his most exquisite pictures."

CASSANDRA.

(From the German of Schiller.)

Joy in Ilion's halls abounded,
Ere its stately towers fell,
Choral anthems heavenwards sounded,
To the lyre's symphonious swell.
All reposed, who, near Scamander,
Toil'd in battle blood-imbrued,
Since the Myrmidon commander
Priam's beauteous daughter woo'd.
Host on host, the laurels bending,
Festive garland-wreaths entwined,
To the sacred temples wending,
To the Thymbrian's golden shrine.
Mad with Bacchanalian pleasure,
Through the streets the Trojans prest;
While in sad and plaintive measure
Heaved one solitary breast.
Joyless 'mid this joyful revel,
Sooth'd by no companion's love,
Stray'd Cassandra, boding evil,
To Apollo's laurel grove.
'Mid the grove's dark-leaved recesses
The Prophetess a refuge found;
And the chaplets from her tresses
Rending, hurl'd them to the ground:—
"Joyance now all hearts beguileth,
Age with golden hopes is bless'd,
And my fair-hair'd sister smilith,
In her bridal garments dress'd.
On me only, sadly weeping,
No delightful presage falls;
For, behold! on strong wing sweeping,
Havock scowls o'er Ilion's walls!
"Lo! a torch enkindled gleaming,
But not held by Hymen's hand;
To the clouds its light is straining,
'Tis no sacrificial brand:
Though the bridal song is pealing
Through the vaulted chambers bright,
Onwards that dread power is stealing,
Who their proffered vows shall blight.

"And while sympathy refusing,
All deride my bosom's smart,
Lonesome in this dark grove musing,
Must I pine with bursting heart.
Fortune's happy children shun me,
And my sacred power revile;
Cruelly hast thou undone me,
Lord Supreme of Delphos' isle.

"Why amid a foolish nation,
Blinding wilfully their eyes,
Must I sing the intimation
Of thy sacred mysteries?
Why must my prophetic power,
Horrors, fix'd as death, foresee?
Soon must burst the clouds which lower,
Charged with Ilion's destiny!

"Is it good to raise the holy
Veil, and show what threateneth?
My existence is but folly—
My presageful skill is death!
Take—Oh! take th' accursed splendour
From my eyes, O Thymbrian lord!
Dreadful 'tis to be defender
Of thy truth's mysterious word!

"Give me back that long-lost treasure,
Blindness; so will I rejoice.
Ne'er have I sung songs of pleasure
Since I utter'd forth thy voice.
Future woes hast thou unveiled,
But my present bliss removed:
All my pleasing hopes have failed,
Take again thy boon unloved.

"Ne'er my essenced locks with festal
Hymeneal flow'rs have glow'd,
Since to thee a sorrowing vestal
Firm allegiance I vow'd.
Bathed with tears the tender blossom
Of my childhood droop'd: the pain
Of my kindred, in my bosom
Found a sympathetic strain.

"Ilion's daughter! smile with gladness,
All around me lives and loves,
While my heart, o'erwhelm'd with sadness,
No responsive echo moves!
Not for me the sweet spring laugheth,
In its verdant vesture dress'd.
He who this life's chalice quaffeth
To the dregs, is seldom bless'd!

"With her fancied bliss delighted,
Let my beauteous sister smile;
For she hopes to be united
To the Prince of Phia's isle.
Haughtily her bosom swelleth
In its drunken revelry:
O, may Jove, who o'er us dwelleth,
Envy not her fantasy!

"I too have seen him, who won me,
Whom this heart had long desired:
Suppliantly he gazed upon me,
By love's glowing ardour fired.
Gladly would I at this hour,
Homeward with my lover flee;
But a ruthless Stygian power
Threatening stands 'twixt him and me.

"And to me pale spirits sendeth
Proserpine, the Queen of Night:
Wheresoe'er my footsteps wendeth,
Phantoms flit before my sight.
'Mid the sports of youth appearing,
Glazes this ghastly train on me:
Ever some disaster fearing,
Endless is my misery!

"And I see the gleaming sabre,
And th' assassin's glowing eye.
Vain, alas! is all my labour,
From this harrowing sight to fly!
While the hero's blood is spilling,
Conscious-shudd'ring must I stand;
Doom'd to die, my fate fulfilling,
Lonely in a hostile land."

Scarce the Prophetess had ended,
Ere from Pallas' shrine, a tone
With the dying echo blended—
"Slain is Thetis' valiant son!"
Discord shook her scorpions, howling;
Heavenwards fled the immortal pow'rs;
And thick clouds of thunder rolling,
Darken'd o'er proud Ilion's towers.
D. H. L.

"THE FIRST-FIT."†

ALAS for the days of "bald John Barleycorn!"
Heh, Sirs! that the reeking swats and soul-stirring "het-pint" should fall in all their glory, strength, and vigour, before so humble a competitor and weak-spirited champion as "the bree o' the coffee pea."‡

I can never forget the wit-inspiring and mirth-creating "het-pint," nor the ready laugh at the "jests and jokes of a happy new year's morning in the Land o' Cakes: on that eventful morning, every feeling, redeeming to the faults of frail humanity, abounds in the breast of every true Scotchman; friend and foe then peacefully exchange the flowing horn of healing "het-pint" with reciprocal wishes of "Good health, happiness, and prosperity," as emphatically spoken as honestly meant.

Well do I remember, though many years have since sped and gone, the eager palpitation of my young heart, on the last night of the old year, while anticipating each foot-fall on the pavement, or knock at the door, to be that of the anxiously expected "First-fit." Repeatedly would I leap from my bed, and, from the upper landing of the staircase, inquire, at the top of my voice, to the annoyance of the whole family, "Gif it was twal o'clock yet?" Twelve o'clock, though not the least hastened by my impatience, did arrive.—Twelve o'clock—the twelfth stroke of which is the last mournful knell of the old, and first merry peal of the new year,—that superstitious hour, big with events attending the future fortunes of men and matrons, and lads and lasses of the land of hills and heather; and with it also comes the indispensable "First-fit," bringing with him the weal or woe of the new-born year. Manifold were the pre-

† The "First-fit," or First foot, is so styled, as being the first person to enter the threshold of the house early, in the first hour of the first day of the year, and always a bachelor and favoured friend of some one of the young ladies of the family: he enters with a handful of "short-bread" (buttered cake) and cheese, and a bright, shining brazen tea-kettle—singling full of het-pint, or hot-pint, a palatable beverage composed of whiskey, ale, eggs, oatmeal, burnt sugar, and divers spices; a glass or horn of which every individual of the family is compelled to swallow "for luck."

If the appointed "First-fit" has been fortunate through life (and as they are invariably young men just entering on a life of business, who are chosen for this important office, they can hardly have been otherwise), he is considered to impart a portion of "his good luck" to the family, to whom he has been the first visitant of the year. Sundry alarming mishaps, however, may attend the entrance of the "First-fit," and give rise to many forebodings of evil, in the minds of the true believers in the efficacy of "his good luck." Thus, his dropping any part of the short-bread foretells the loss of a friend during the year; if any part of the cheese should also fall, the loss of a relation is inevitable; but the most dire of all mishaps is, the spilling any portion of the "het pint" from the kettle, which foretells, that none of the young ladies of the family will enter into the blessed bands of matrimony during the year: and should it befall any of the lasses to spill the liquor from the horn, or leave even but one drop in its bottom, after drinking, then is she irrevocably doomed to lead apart for ever! The first visit of the "First-fit," on entering the house, is to the bed-room of the parents; the second, to that of the young female branch of the family—a visit of pure innocent mirth, when, what is wanting in wit, is more than compensated for in joyful laughter. The last visit is to the boys (few of the youths, who have grown to man's estate, are on this morning at home); the contents of the kettle are then disposed of by the servants, which is again replenished by the busy house-keeper, and a sound sleep crowns the happy orgies.

It was recently stated by the daily press, that warm coffee had been substituted for the good old-fashioned "het-pint" in the orgies of the "First-fit" this year, by a new race of Scotchmen, calling themselves "Temperate Societies." O tempora! O mores!

parations and arrangements for his reception; auld Duncan, "the hinger-on o' the family," was seated at the kitchen "chumley-lug," with his brawny legs crossed, half asleep, and leaning on the massy poker; it was Duncan's duty to take care that, at least, one blazing fire was kept up in the house during the awful change which was fast approaching—the death of one year, and birth of another. On the opposite side, sat "bare-legg'd Beckie," the lass o' the housin, telling, bare-legg'd and bare-footed Wee Effie, the scullion, a tale full of horror and *diablerie*, till her uncombed hair made ineffectual attempts to disentangle itself, and stand an end. Tibbie, who was at once cook, housekeeper, and major-domo, was busily employed preparing hot ale, with other ingredients, wi' a wee drap of comfort to replenish the kettle o' the bonnie "First-fit." Such was the scene below stairs: now for a peep above.

The aged progenitors of a happy family had long retired to bed, but not to sleep: on such a morning their usual peaceful slumbers gave place to reminiscences of "Auld lang syne;" they too had experienced the fleeting hours of youthful hope and gaiety; and busy memory said, that on such a morning, more than one link had been riveted to the chain of their mutual and long-cherished love. The ever-anxious mother, while she crept closer to the bosom of him of her earliest affection, and still dearest regard, gave words to her pious thoughts, and audibly breathed a prayer to the throne of the Almighty for the well-being of her venerable and venerated husband, and her beloved children. A solemn amen! from the lips of the husband and father, testified how devoutly he accorded with the earnest supplication of her, with whom "he had long and lovingly speeled the braes o' time." A small bed-room, adjoining that of the parental pair, was occupied by their three daughters, § Christa, Janet, and Ruth, now "women grown," and lovely as the graces. The happy and guileless girls had placed themselves, on the occasion of a new year's morning's festivity, literally "as thick as three in a bed;" with hearts light and pure, and minds free from care, they kept up a constant tittering and giggling, while waiting the fondly expected visit of the dear "First-fit," and his equally wished-for companions. The continued whispering, and the occasional suppressed laugh, proved that they were putting to some purpose, woman's high prerogative, the tongue; yet scandal or malice made no part of their conversation: what was the subject of their tattle, I may leave my more inquisitive female readers to guess. Not entirely, however, to disappoint the many fair readers of *The Athenæum*, I will essay to inform them in what manner the sisters were attired, for the reception in their bed-room of male visitors at such an hour. The three laughing lasses reclined on their bed, simply covered by a counterpane white as snow; they were dressed in their daily under-clothes with slightly-laced boddies, enwrapped in loose white calico "short gowns" (bed-gowns which reach to the hip joint, such as the pencil of Christal will have rendered familiar to my London readers), high, and drawn tight round the neck, deeply laced "muchies" (caps) covering only the upper portion of the head, and trimmed with narrow ribbons "of the colour their lads (for they had lads) loved best;" and, allowing the yellow ringlets to hang in profusion over the shoulders. So attired, and with laughing lips, and playful roguery glancing from their "bonnie blue een," in the pride of youth and beauty, the innocent and merry trio awaited the arrival of the "First-fit." But the "ca"—the dreaded, yet wished for, "ca" of the "strappin' First-fit" resounds from the

massy knocker through the empty hall. Wheest! whispers attentive Tibbie, and all is silent in expectation of the second and third "ca" at the knocker, followed by "blessings on ye, let's in, Tibbie lass," coming audibly through the key-hole of the door, when Tibbie, with a grave respect for the "First-fit," gives free admittance to the chosen lad and his helpmen. After blessing the house, and all within it, and not forgetting the sly kiss of Tibbie's "wee bit mou," the light-hearted crew proceed to the sleeping chamber of their ancient friend, where, in a decorous and sober manner, every good wish, which friendship and esteem can dictate, is offered to the father and mother of the family, whose smiles and tears prove how dear to their hearts is the happiness of their juvenile friends. The flowing horn of "het-pint" trembles in their aged hands, and, as they slowly sip the spicy nectar, they forget not to give to the "laughin' loons" the "admonition due." After which a simple, but heart-speaking prayer, is pronounced, ending with the sire's impressive blessing; and the "First-fit" and his helpmen are dismissed to the performance of a more congenial duty in the bed-room of the fair sisters, whose signals, under the guise of a "short-cough," or a burst of laughter, had more than once reached the delighted ears of Georgie Gordon, the chosen "First-fit," and his helpmen, Sandy Wallace and Archy Hamilton; they are closely attended by careful Tibbie. On their approaching the door, dull silence reigns within; "the braw woovers" give the three well known "taps," in answer to which, the tremulous voice of charming Christa gives the welcome invitation to enter—"Come in, Georgie lad, ye'r na' stranger—come in, an' welcome." An hour of happy "laughin' an' gaffin" is passed;—that hour when the young hearts of the sons and daughters of Caledonia unwittingly unbosom their dearest wishes to each other;—that hour of pure and innocent delight can never be forgotten by a Scotchman!

D. L.

ON ONE WHO DIED IN INFANCY.

Thou hast never known the blight
That tracks the shadow life;
Nor the weary undelight—
That daily spirit-strife—
With false hopes and wishes slighted,
And affections unrequited.
Thou wert flung on life's highway
A regardless flower,
Trodden down at break of day;
In thy life's first hour
Freed from noonday toil and sorrows,
And the weary train of morrows.
Thou wert like a nameless star,
Hid in viewless ether,
Which hath idly strayed too far,
Once in summer weather,
From its cloudless home, and fair,
Trembling calm of sunny air;
Where it moved from endless time
Around some other sun,
And in that removed clime
Would so have ever done,—
But for that false summer day,
Whose light-warmth lured it so to stray.
'Neath the noonday shadowed moon
It looked at earth, unseen;
But the thought came very soon,
That better it had been,
If it had never wished to roam
From its own sweet nameless home.
Thou, like it, hast chanced to stray,
From thy birth-home roving;
And like it thou couldst not stay,
Earth seem'd so cold, and so unloving:
Alike to both an early setting
Was a morning-dream's forgetting.

DANGEROUS RENCONTRE WITH ELEPHANTS

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[The following account of a very perilous adventure was communicated by the gentleman to whom it occurred, (Lieut. J. D. Moodie, of the 51st Fusiliers), to Mr. T. Pringle, and has been with his consent transferred to our pages.—Ed.]

Of several remarkable adventures which I have had the fortune to experience in the course of my life, the most extraordinary, certainly, was my hair-breadth escape from the elephant in South Africa. As I perceive that this has been rather inaccurately related in some late publications, and as you have expressed a wish to have my own account of the occurrence, I shall give you the details as nearly as I can recollect them.

In the year 1821, I had joined the recently formed semi-military settlement of Fredericksburg, on the picturesque banks of the Gualana, beyond the Great Fish river. At this place our party (consisting chiefly of the disbanded officers and soldiers of the Royal African corps,) had already shot many elephants, with which the country at that time abounded. The day previous to my adventure, I had witnessed an elephant hunt for the first time. On this occasion a large female was killed, after some hundred shots had been fired at her. The balls seemed at first to produce little effect, but at length she received several shots in the trunk and eyes, which entirely disabled her from making resistance or escaping, and she fell an easy prey to her assailants.

On the following day, one of our servants came to inform us that a large troop of elephants was in the neighbourhood of the settlement, and that several of our people were already on their way to attack them. I instantly set off to join the hunters, but, from losing my way in the jungle through which I had to proceed, I could not overtake them, until after they had driven the elephants from their first station. On getting out of the jungle, I was proceeding through an open meadow on the banks of the Gualana, to the spot where I heard the firing, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger, by loud cries of "Pas-op!—Look out!" coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and at the same moment heard the crackling of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and the tremendous screams of their wrathful voices resounding among the precipitous banks. Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the edge of the jungle, which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught, should I fire in this position, and my shot not take effect. I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken, for on looking back I perceived, to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and turning off at right angles in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with a view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe. But before I got within fifty paces of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me—the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously, that I was almost stunned with the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female.

§ I am sorry that the names of the fair sisters are so plebeian; but in Scotland, thirty years ago, those of Wilhelmina, Romemata, and Lillatina, had not come in fashion.

But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire, till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head. Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her trunk or not. She then made a thrust at me with her tusk. Luckily for me she had only one, which, still more luckily, missed its mark. She then caught me with her trunk by the middle—threw me beneath her fore feet—and knocked me about between them for a little space:—I was scarcely in a condition to compute the number of minutes very accurately. Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force, that I actually felt the bones, as it were, bending under the weight; and once she trod on the middle of my arm, which, fortunately, lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world. But owing to the roundness of her foot, I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread. While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieut. Chisholm, of the R. A. corps, and Diederik, a Hottentot, had come up, and fired several shots at her, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions, or young ones, retreating, and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind feet in passing. I got up, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow; but observing that she turned round, and looked back towards me, before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

On reaching the top of the high bank of the river, I met my brother, who had not been at this day's hunt, but had run out, on being told by one of the men that he had seen me killed. He was not a little surprised at meeting me alone, and in a whole skin, though plastered with mud from head to foot. While he, Mr. Knight, of the Cape regiment, and I, were yet talking of my adventure, an unlucky soldier of the R. A. corps, of the name of McCane, attracted the attention of a large male elephant, which had been driven towards the village. The ferocious animal gave chase, and caught him immediately under the height where we were standing—carried him some distance in his trunk—then threw him down, and, bringing his four feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time, till he was quite dead. Leaving the corpse for a little, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of his destruction, and kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore legs. Then seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it among the bushes. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scrambled down the bank as far as we could, and fired at the furious animal, but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man, who was crushed almost to a jelly.

Shortly after this catastrophe, a shot from one of the people broke this male elephant's left fore leg, which completely disabled him from running. On this occasion, we witnessed a touching instance of affection and sagacity in the elephant, which I cannot forbear to relate, as it so well illustrates the character of this noble animal. Seeing the danger and distress of her mate, the female before mentioned, (my personal antagonist,) regardless of her own danger, quitted her shelter in the bush, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants, and still returning to his side and caressing him; and when he attempted to walk she placed her flank under his wounded side and supported him. This scene continued nearly half an hour,

until the female received a severe wound from Mr. C. Mackenzie, of the R. A. corps, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sank exhausted from the loss of blood; and the male soon after received a mortal wound also from the same officer.

Thus ended our elephant hunt; and I need hardly say, that what we witnessed on this occasion, of the intrepidity and ferocity of these powerful animals, rendered us more cautious in our dealings with them for the future.

[We deem ourselves fortunate in being enabled to grace the first pages of our New Series with an original effusion from the pen of Mr. D. L. RICHARDSON. It was written on his last voyage to India, for whose shores he quitted this country a twelvemonth since. As might have been expected, he was received with the most cordial welcome on his arrival in India, from his numerous literary friends. The *Calcutta Gazette* and the *Bengal Hurkaru* have both made honourable mention of his talents, and expressed their heart-felt pleasure at his return. His admirers will at once recognize his graceful style in the following composition:—and we hope are long to be able to lay before our readers some sketches of life and manners in India from his pen.]

SONNET.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

(Written at Sea.)

THE plain of ocean 'neath the crystal air
Its azure bound extends—the circle wide
Is sharply clear—contrasted hues divide
The sky and water. Clouds, like hills that wear
The winter's stainless mantle, brightly fair,
Rest on the main's vast marge. As shadows
slide

O'er heaven's blue vault, the calm ship seems
to glide

O'er glassy paths, on which the noon-tide glare
Hath bred the living diamonds. Brightly play
The small crisp waves that musically break
Their shining peaks. And now, if aught can
make

Celestial spirits wing their downward way,
Methinks they glitter in the proud sun's wake,
And breathe a holy beauty on the day.

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

[From the *Mémoires* of M. de Bourrienne, Vol. V.]

IMPATIENCE OF NAPOLEON—RUPTURE WITH HIS
PRIVATE SECRETARY.

NINE months previously to the occurrence now about to be related, I had tendered my resignation to the First Consul. The labour of my office had become too great for me, the assiduity it required was too fatiguing, and my health was so much endangered by my over-application, that my physician, M. Corvisart, who had for a long time urged me repeatedly to afford myself repose, formally warned me that I should not long hold out under the fatigue which I underwent. Corvisart had, no doubt, spoken in the same terms to the First Consul, for the latter said to me one day, and in a tone which betrayed but little feeling, "Why, Corvisart says you have not a year to live." This was certainly no very welcome compliment in the mouth of an old College friend, yet I must confess that the doctor risked little by the prediction.

I had resolved, in fact, to follow the advice of Corvisart: my family were urgent in their entreaties that I would do so, but I always put off the decisive step. I was loath to give up a friendship which had subsisted so long, and which had been only once disturbed,—on that occasion when Joseph thought proper to play the spy on me at the table of Fouché; I remembered also the reception I had met with from the conqueror of Italy; and I experienced, moreover, no slight pain at the thought of quitting one from whom I had received so many proofs of confidence, and to whom I had been attached from the age of seven years. These considerations always carried the question in opposition to the disgust I was continually subjected to by a number of cir-

cumstances, and by the unceasing vexations occasioned by the conflict between my private sentiments and the nature of the duties which I had to perform. I was thus kept in a state of perplexity, from which some unforeseen circumstance only could extricate me. Such a circumstance at length occurred. Its history, and that of my first rupture with Napoleon, is as follows:—

The 27th of February (1802) at ten o'clock at night, Bonaparte dictated to me a despatch of considerable importance and urgency for M. de Talleyrand. It requested the Minister for Foreign Affairs to come to the Tuileries the next morning at an appointed hour. According to custom, I put the letter into the hands of the officer in waiting, that it might be forwarded to its destination.

This was on Saturday. The following day, Sunday, M. de Talleyrand came as to an audience of course, about mid-day. The First Consul immediately began to confer with him on the subject of the letter sent to him the previous evening, and was astonished to learn that the Minister had not received it until the morning. He rang immediately for the office messenger, and ordered me to be sent for. Being in very bad humour, he pulled the bell with so much haste and violence that he struck his hand against the angle of the chimney-piece and made it bleed. I hurried to his presence. "Why"—he said addressing me hastily—"Why was not my letter delivered yesterday evening?" "I do not know: I put it into the hands of the person whose duty it was to see to its being sent."—"Go and learn the cause of the delay, and come back quickly." Having rapidly made my inquiries I returned to the cabinet. "Well!" said the First Consul, whose bad humour seemed to have increased—"Well, General, it is not the fault of anybody; M. de Talleyrand was not to be found either at the office or at his own house, or at the houses which he was thought likely to frequent." Not knowing with whom to be angry, restrained by the imperturbability of M. de Talleyrand, yet at the same time ready to burst with rage, Bonaparte rose from his seat, and quitting the cabinet, went himself to the guards' hall, called the officer in waiting, and questioned him sharply. The man, disconcerted by the anger of the First Consul, hesitated in his replies, and gave confused answers; and Bonaparte returned to his cabinet still more irritated than he had left it. Seeing him thus beside himself, I had followed him, and, on my way back to the cabinet with him, attempted to soothe him; and I begged him not to be thus discomposed by a circumstance, which, after all, was of no great moment. His violence may have been occasioned perhaps in a degree, by the sight of the blood which still flowed from his hand: but, however that might be, a transport of furious passion, such as I had never before witnessed, seized him; and as I was about to enter the cabinet after him, he cast back the door with so much violence, that, had I been two or three inches nearer to him, it must infallibly have struck me in the face. He accompanied this action, which was almost convulsive, with an appellation not to be borne by any man: he exclaimed before M. de Talleyrand, "Leave me alone; you are a *** fool." At an insult so atrocious, I confess, that the anger which had already mastered the First Consul, suddenly seized on me, and that, in the transport of an emotion as rapid as lightning, I thrust the door forward with as much impetuosity as he had used in attempting to close it, and no longer knowing what I said, cried out, "You are a hundredfold greater fool than myself." Having said this, I mounted to my apartment, which was situated over the cabinet.

I was as far from expecting as from wishing such an occasion of separating from the First Consul: but what was done could not be undone; and therefore, without taking time for reflection, and still under the influence of the anger that

had got the better of me, I penned the following positive resignation:—

"General,—The state of my health does not permit the longer continuance of my services about your person. I beg you to accept my resignation. "BOURRIENNE."

Some moments after this was written, I saw from my window the saddle horses of Napoleon arrive at the entrance of the palace. It was Sunday, and, contrary to his usual custom on that day, he had determined to ride out. Duroc accompanied him. He was no sooner gone than I went down into his cabinet, and placed my letter on his table. On returning at four o'clock with Duroc, Bonaparte read my letter:—"Ah! ah!" said he, before opening it—"a letter from Bourrienne!" And he almost immediately added, for the note required but little time to be read, "He is in the sulks—accepted." I had left the Tuileries at the moment he returned; but Duroc sent to me, at the place where I was dining, the following billet:—

"The First Consul desires me, my dear Bourrienne, to inform you, that he accepts your resignation, and to request you to give me the necessary information respecting your papers.—Yours, "Duroc."

"P.S. I will call on you presently."

Duroc came to me at eight o'clock the same evening. The First Consul was in his cabinet when we entered it. I immediately commenced giving my intended successor all the explanation he could require on entering on his new office. Piqued at finding that I did not speak to him, and at the indifference with which I instructed Duroc, Bonaparte said to me in the harshest manner: "Come—enough of that—leave me—" I stepped down from the ladder on which I had mounted for the purpose of pointing out to Duroc the places in which the various papers were deposited, and hastily retired. I, indeed, had had quite enough of it.

I remained two more days at the Tuileries, until I had suited myself with a lodging. On Monday I went down into the cabinet of the First Consul to take my leave of him: we conversed together for a long time, and very amicably: he told me he was sorry I was going to quit him, and that he would do all he could for me. I pointed out several places to him: at last I hit on the tribunate. "That is not suited to you," he said; "the members of it are babblers and phrase-mongers, whom I mean to get rid of. All the troubles of the estates proceed from the pratings of the Tribune: I am tired of them." He continued to talk in a strain which left me in no doubt as to the uneasiness occasioned him by the Tribune, which, in fact, reckoned among its members many men of great talent and excellent character.

The following day, Tuesday, the First Consul had me to breakfast with him. After our repast, while he held discourse with some other person, Madame Bonaparte and Hortense pressed me to make advances towards obtaining a reinstatement in my office,—appealing to me on the score of the kindness and friendship they had always shown me. They told me that I had been in the wrong, and that I had forgotten myself. I answered that I considered the evil beyond remedy; and that, besides, I had really need of repose. At this moment the First Consul called me to him, and conversed a considerable time with me, renewing his protestations of good will towards me.

At five o'clock I was proceeding down stairs to quit the Tuileries for good, when I was met by the office messenger, who told me that the First Consul wished to see me. Duroc, who was in the room leading to the cabinet, stopped me as I passed, and said, "My friend, he wishes you to remain: I pray you, do not refuse—do

me this kindness. I have assured him that I was not capable of filling your office: I have not the necessary habits; and, besides, to tell you the truth, the task is too irksome for me." I proceeded to the cabinet without replying to Duroc. The First Consul came up to me, smiling, and pulling me by the ear, as in his moments of greatest affability, said to me, "Are you still in the dumps?" and he led me to my usual seat. "Come, sit down there." A person must have known him, to be able to judge of my situation at that moment. He had at times, and when he chose, a charm in his manners which it was quite impossible to resist. I had not resolution to offer any opposition; I could answer nothing; and I re-assumed about his person my usual office, and my accustomed labours. Five minutes afterwards it was announced that dinner was on table. "You will dine with me," he said.—"I cannot, I am expected at the place where I was going when you had me called: it is an engagement that I cannot break."—"Well; I have nothing to say, then; but give me your word that you will be here at eight o'clock."—"I promise you." Thus I became again the private secretary of the First Consul; and I believed in the sincerity of our reconciliation.

M. de Bourrienne, having resumed his office of secretary, soon perceived that the caresses bestowed on him were mere forced demonstrations of favour, and were resorted to by Napoleon for the purpose of relieving himself, for the time, from the embarrassment which the resignation had occasioned him. A second and final rupture accordingly took place in the course of a few months, on the pretext that the secretary had abused the privileges of his situation, to encourage speculations in the rise and fall of the funds. M. de Bourrienne defends himself from the charge, at some length, and not without success; although he shows that the accusation was not altogether without foundation, since he had joined with a house of extensive business in Paris, in certain speculations for the supply of government: the house in question, having also speculated in the funds, failed, and the enemies of the secretary implicated him in the whole transaction. M. de Bourrienne treats the affair as a mere pretext, on the part of Bonaparte, to get rid of him, or, at most, as a successful result of paltry intrigues on the part of his secret enemies, "whose interest it was," says M. de Bourrienne, "that the sovereign should not have about his person a man devoted to his glory rather than to his vanity." De Bourrienne's influence was the more dreaded by these persons, since Bonaparte, in a moment of dissatisfaction with one of his ministers, had publicly declared that, could he but find a second Bourrienne, he would do without any of them.

LOVE AND AMBITION.

LOVE, laughing, to Ambition said,
"Resign thy iron crown to me."
The mighty conqueror shook his head—
"My bride is Immortality!"

The wily urchin drew his bow,
And, smiling, fixed his keenest dart;
So true the aim—so sure the blow—
He struck the tyrant to the heart.

The laurel wreath is all unbound,
The banner in the dust lies furled,
The trumpet spreads no terrors round—
What now to him is all the world?

Z. Z.

THE FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVING.

EVENING ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE first meeting for the purpose of illustrating the Arts, which principally claim the attention of the Society, took place at their house on Tuesday last, when Mr. Aikin, the secretary, read a very able discourse on Engraving. It can scarcely be supposed that a subject of so extended a nature could be comprehended within the limit usually assigned to popular lectures; and the Secretary, aware of this difficulty, judiciously confined his observations to etching and engraving copper-plates, according to the generally received meaning of such terms, omitting "Mezzotinto" and "Aquatinta"; and, we hope, reserving those arts, together with the manipulation of steel-plates, for the subject of some future discourse. He commenced by stating the difference which exists between engraving with the tool, and etching;—in the former art, an incision capable of retaining printing ink is made with an appropriate instrument; in the latter, the incisions are produced by corroding, or dissolving, the metal by an acid in the intended lines, while the rest of its surface is protected by a resinous varnish, on which the acid has no effect. Engraving with the tool is an art of much earlier origin than etching, and, like most other simple inventions which involve principles, was discovered by accident. Copper was soon found to be the best metal for the plates, being more ductile and homogeneous than brass; it is sufficiently hard to yield a great number of impressions, before any considerable effect is observable from the wearing of the plate. The quality of the copper is of great importance; it should be as free as possible from alloy, for the admixture of a very small portion of another metal much injures it for the purpose of the engraver. The copper now usually made into plates, contains from 1-100 to 1-300 of alloy; that containing 1-100 is decidedly harder, more brittle, and less homogeneous in its texture than pure copper, which are objections where the plate is cut by the graver. The alloy generally consists of antimony, tin, and arsenic; and it is highly probable that, in etching, the oxides of these metals being deposited at the bottom of the lines, in the form of a white powder, during the action of the acid, may retard the corrosion of the lines downward, while the acid does not find the same obstruction laterally,—thus producing broad, shallow, ragged lines—a defect which frequently occurs in etching, when conducted with every attention long practice can suggest.

Before the art of engraving was so extended as to induce persons to engage in the trade of manufacturing copper-plates, artists were obliged to prepare them for themselves; and though much time must certainly have been lost in thus attending to a mechanical process; yet the engraver acquired that knowledge of the quality of his materials, that a painter did of colours, before shops were established, at which he could procure every article ready prepared.

Very few engravings of the present day are produced either wholly by engraving, or wholly by etching; but it is the judicious combination of the two arts which constitutes the beauty of the modern style. The process of etching generally precedes that of engraving in the same plate, and was for a long time conducted in a very imperfect manner. The process of the old engravers was to cover the plate with a resinous varnish mixed with drying oil, which became so hard that an outline might be drawn with a pencil or red chalk on its surface, without the chance of breaking the varnish. The lines were then passed over with the etching-needle, which is a strong steel point capable of cutting through the varnish, and laying the surface of copper ex-

posed wherever it passed. The plate was then laid on an inclined plane; the acid was poured on the upper end, and made to run over its whole surface into a trough placed at the bottom. This operation was repeated until, from the green colour of the lines, it was judged that the corrosion was sufficient. The varnish was then removed by rubbing with charcoal, and if any deficiency appeared, it could only be remedied by laboriously cutting or deepening the lines by the graver.

The present method of etching has received great improvements. A varnish of asphaltum and other substances is put on the plate previously heated to about the heat of boiling water, and, while hot, the surface of the varnish is smoked by the flame of a bundle of wax tapers till it is uniformly black. This varnish is technically called the etching ground. When the plate is cool, it is ready to receive the outline, but the ground is so thin and delicate, that it is not possible to draw on it without injury, and thus it is necessary to transfer an outline by some method which does not bear heavily on any part of the work. A drawing is often made with a black lead pencil on paper, and this paper placed with the face downwards on the plate, which is then subjected to the uniform pressure of the rolling-press; the black lead of the lines is thus made to adhere to the ground, and the etching may then be commenced. Other modes of transferring the outline were explained, but our limits do not permit us to enter much into the details of this interesting art. We shall merely mention one which, we believe, is not very generally adopted in England, and this is by employing a gelatinous kind of paper, made in Italy, and imported from France. It resembles a thin sheet of very transparent horn, the surface bearing a beautiful polish. On this substance the outline is traced with a sharp pointed needle. The sheet is then rubbed over with pounded red chalk, which fills the scratched lines, while the perfect polish of the rest of the surface prevents any from adhering. The sheet so charged with the red chalk is laid with the traced side downwards on the plate, and subjected to the rolling-press, which causes all the lines to appear beautifully transferred to the etching ground by the adhesion of the red chalk which filled the scratched lines.

The etching now commences, and consists of cutting through the varnish with the sharp-pointed etching needle, the different strength of the lines depending jointly upon their actual breadth as etched, and the length of time they are acted on by the acid. When the lines are all thus cut in, a border or wall of wax about an inch high is formed all round the plate, to contain the acid, and pure nitric acid, diluted with water, is poured on the plate, till it is a quarter of an inch or more in depth. The corrosion, or, as it is termed, "biting in," is observed by small bubbles, which form along the lines, and which must be constantly removed by a camel-hair pencil during the process. The copiousness and ready formation of these bubbles are the only signs by which the engraver can judge of the rapidity by which his work proceeds. When it is supposed that the lighter parts are sufficiently bit in, the acid is poured off, the plate washed and dried, and some kind of resinous varnish is put over all those parts which it is intended shall not be further acted upon. This operation is repeated as often as the artist judges proper, until the foreground, or strongest parts, which have been acted on the whole time, are thought sufficiently bit in.

The etching ground is now removed, and an impression taken, to judge of the effect. The plate may now be proceeded with, either with the graver, or by the recent discovery called "re-biting." This consists of putting a fresh ground on the plate, but so as not to fill the lines

already etched. For such purpose, the plate is washed with a strong solution of caustic alkali, and wiped off, leaving as much as possible of the alkali in the lines. The plate is heated, and the same ground applied as in the first etching, but it is not smoked. When the acid is poured on, the alkali deposited in the lines produces an effervescence, which completely clears them out, and they are again acted on, or bit in, stronger. It must be understood, that this operation is limited to such parts of the plate only as require additional strength, the rest being carefully covered with varnish to prevent further corrosion.

The engraving with the graver is so much a matter of skilful practice, that it does not admit of description. It may be sufficient to observe, that the instrument is a small square, or lozenge-shaped tool, ground obliquely to a sharp point, by which the copper is ploughed up by pressing it forward with the hand. The burr or rough edges of the lines are scraped off with a triangular instrument.

The art of engraving and etching lines by machinery has of late come much into use. Whether any real benefit has resulted from the facility thus afforded by mechanical means, is a question which we are not now called on to discuss. In the lecture, the other evening, Mr. Aikin produced several curious specimens of parallel and converging lines ruled by the machine. When these lines are intended to be bit in, a steel point is affixed to the machine, which scratches through the varnish, as in the ordinary process of etching; but when the lines are to be engraved, a diamond point is used, which cuts the copper. It is easy to conceive, that with regard to parallel or straight lines, a machine made to advance by the action of a screw may produce a series of lines more perfectly equidistant than can be hoped for by manual skill; and it is not difficult to imagine how waved and converging lines may be executed by a similar contrivance. With respect to circular work in this species of engraving, the ornamental borders in the country bank notes, and a variety of other papers at the present day, are the best specimens; and, to any one who has seen the mechanism of that species of turning lathe called a "rose engine," it will be easily conceived how the same process may be employed to engrave plates. The latter style, or circular engraving, is not, however, applicable to the higher purposes of the art. The parallel machine engraving, as well as the waved lines, are made to enter the composition of most prints, and skies of landscapes, backgrounds of portraits, and architectural plans, are mostly shaded by this process.

The Secretary concluded his discourse by some just observations on the present state of the art of engraving. The practice of putting plates in small volumes has become so general, that it is necessary to finish them with microscopic accuracy, in order to comprise an extended subject within the compass of a few inches. Much of the spirit and expression which characterizes the larger works of our most esteemed engravers, is likely to be lost when the print is so small that the artist has difficulty in executing the work with sufficient minuteness: and we observe with regret, that the genius of some of our best engravers, cramped as it is by the Lilliputian efforts of book-illustrations, is seldom able to produce a large work that does not declare their usual occupations to be far below the highest efforts of their art.

NEW MUSIC.

"Amidst the gay and festive crowd:" Ballad; by G. Robertson; the Music by Flaminio Duvernay. Johanning and Whatmore.

A PRETTY little song of four verses, each of which is adapted to the brief melody of only a dozen bars (in *c*, 6-8 time); but which exhibits

good taste and pleasing style. It is easy to be sung, being within the limited scope of the two treble *e*'s.

No. 1. *Mémoires Britanniques*: variées pour la Piano-forte, et dédiées à Zechariah Buck, Esq., Organist of Norwich Cathedral, par Charles Chaulieu. Op. 96. Cocks & Co.

THE air chosen to commence the "*Mémoires Britanniques*," is the Scotch tune, "Charlie is my darling." The work is a clever composition, and contains a short introduction, the Air, in A minor, well harmonized, and seven very ingenious variations, in which, with excellent propriety, the theme is always well kept in view: the 6th variation, in the major mode, must elicit praise from all good judges of composition, for its clever modulations.

"Love Not:" a favorite Ballad. The Poetry selected from the "*Sorrows of Rosalie*," and published by the exclusive permission of the Hon. Mrs. Norton; the Music composed and arranged for the Piano-forte or Harp, by J. Blockley. Cramer, Addison and Beale.

MOST poetical effusions agree with the writer, who says, "What is life without love?" but the Hon. Mrs. Norton, by way of novelty, sings differently. Mr. Blockley has written some pretty and appropriate music (an Andantino in *e*, 2-4), which does him and the poetry credit: three very interesting and expressive verses are offered in good taste.

Gems de la Philharmonie, No. 1, (to be continued occasionally). A Selection of the most admired Morceaux of Melody and Harmony, performed at the celebrated Concerts of that Society, carefully collated and adapted as Duets for Harp and Piano-forte, by N. B. Challoner. Mayhew & Co.

THIS commencing number of a new work promises better than anything of the kind we know of. Duets for the Harp and Piano-forte are always desirable and interesting publications, if well adapted for the respective instruments; and the above editor is well known as being eminently experienced, and peculiarly successful in such arrangements. Besides, as the pieces performed at the Philharmonic Concerts are generally of a classical, and always of an interesting description, the editor of the work having also been an associate and performer at all the Concerts, from the commencement of that renowned and flourishing Society—the excellence of the selection might be taken for granted. The piece chosen is Mozart's celebrated, beautiful, and unique cantata, "Non temere," as written for voice and piano-forte only "en duo," and performed with the most complete success at the first Philharmonic Concert, on Monday, Feb. 25, 1829,† by J. B. Cramer, with Madame Stockhausen. Although it is a truly classical work, abounding with rich and varied harmonies; yet a few judicious curtailments have rendered this Duet for Harp and Piano-forte easy to be performed by amateurs of moderate attainments—a desideratum obtained by the careful distribution of the chromatic passages, by avoiding the too frequent use of the pedals of the harp, and yet perfectly retaining every note of every chord. A correct memorandum of where the pedals should be fixed, and an ingenious application of the peculiar effects of the *sons harmoniques* and *étouffés*, &c. (which belong to the harp exclusively), also evince the diligence and judgment employed in the whole adaptation. The work is engraved, printed, and altogether brought out in the superior manner it deserves, ornamented with an appropriate classical vignette, not a sketch in lithography, but a legitimate engraving of the best description.

† See Athenæum, No. 71, p. 146.

THE THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.

We have to notice the production of two new pieces at this theatre since our last report, viz. "The Husband's Mistake, or the Corporal's Wedding," and "The Phrenologists;" neither of which, however, is of a nature to require or stand the application of close criticism.—The first piece (an adapted translation of Scribe's *La Fiancée*), is founded on anything but probability, and owes its only interest to the occasional ludicrous positions and ejaculations of Keeley, whose imitations of the posture of a wooden image (to whose place he succeeds in order to overhear an intended conversation,) was the sole incitement we felt to anything like cordial laughter. We anticipate better things from Mr. Planché's version of the affair, with the music by Auber. Of "The Phrenologists," we can only observe, that, from its title, we were induced to form some expectations of a few playful sallies of wit at the expense of a science, whose most strenuous advocates could hardly refuse to join in the laughter raised; and that in this expectation we were disappointed. The following is an outline of the plot of this trifle:—The younger Pinchley (Mr. Balla), having run from India and his paternal home, gains entrance here to the house of his own uncle, Mr. Cranium (Blanchard), the phrenologist, by assuming the name of his own servant, Quicksheet (Wrench), and on pretence of being an enthusiastic disciple of the science of bumps and organs. It may be supposed his object is to win the affections and hand of his cousin Clarinda (Miss Lawrence), to his union with whom he knows his father would be averse, from the circumstance of an old misunderstanding between him and Cranium. Whilst affairs are in this position, the intruding master and man are alarmed by the arrival of the elder Pinchley (Mr. Bartley) and his attendant; and the proposed visit of the keeper of a lunatic asylum with a confirmed madman, for the craniological inspection of the old infatuate. In this dilemma the young man, with the utmost filial tenderness, determines to persuade Cranium that his father is the madman, and his man his keeper, and in this he succeeds, himself witnessing and assisting in the attempt of the professor to reduce his now comers to the phrenological ordeal. The arrival of the real invalid, and the chance-dropped expression of *cousin* by the young couple in their amorous fooleries, render the denouement evident; and the forgiveness of the lovers serves as a seal to the reconciliation of the half brothers.

We found in this piece little to censure save the coarseness of some of the jokes, if jokes they may be called; and little to admire save the droll enunciation of the laughter-forcing Keeley.

SURREY THEATRE.

AN Operetta, from the pen of the author of "Black Eyed Susan," founded on the ancient ditty of "Sally in my Alley," was produced at this theatre on Monday, and was eminently successful. The plot is simple, but interesting; and the author details, with much skill, the feelings of a father, who dreads that an imprudent marriage might bring his daughter to poverty. This drama was to have been played at Covent Garden, but in consequence of the failure of "The Witchfinder" at Drury Lane (also from the same pen), our author grew timid, and transplanted his offspring to a nursery more suitable to its unassuming merits. The character of Captain Harpoon was introduced expressly for T. P. Cooke, who did the amphibious animal due justice. The music is by Blewitt, and consists throughout of tasteful adaptations of very beautiful old English airs.

The Pantomime still goes off with éclat.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

IN consequence of the secession of Horn from Covent Garden Theatre, the managers find it difficult to produce Rossini's opera of "La Gazza Ladra," as proposed at the commencement of the season.—A Mr. Morley, a pupil of Sir George Smart's, who possesses a bass voice of considerable compass, will make his début in the character intended for Horn.—The opera is now in full rehearsal:—Wood sustains Curioni's part;—Miss Paton is to be the heroine;—G. Penson is re-engaged purposely to appear in it. This opera is no novelty on the English stage, as, at the time of Miss Wilson's celebrity, it was arranged for her by T. Welsh and Horn, and played in Dublin. The present arrangement has been made by Bishop, but we cannot approve of the taste that has induced him to introduce various airs from "Otello" and "Guillaume Tell," with melodies of his own.

—A two act drama from the pen of Morton, founded on the Escapes of Baron Trenck, is in active preparation at Covent Garden; the principal part will be sustained by Power; it is an Irish dancing-master, named O'Jig.—Wrench personates the incarcerated Baron. It is interspersed with music by Barnett; who is also employed in composing the music to a drama of Pocock's for this establishment.

—Yesterday Mr. Planché's adaptation of "La Fiancée" was read at Drury Lane; Madame Vestris performs the heroine;—the music is by Auber, adapted by Bishop. It will be produced on the 26th instant.

—A Vaudeville, entitled "Supper's Over," is in rehearsal at the Adelphi; it is by the author of "Bold Dragons." J. Reeve and Mrs. Fitzwilliam sustain the principal characters; the music is composed by G. H. Rodwell.

Rossini's "William Tell" will be performed at the Italian Opera as a ballet of action; the whole of the music will be introduced.

French Plays.—Mr. St. Aubin, the *Léon* of Paris, has arrived in London; he will perform the leading comic characters in the French plays of the ensuing season.

OIL IN THE BLOOD.—Dr. Benj. Babington, who has lately been engaged in a series of experiments on the blood, has discovered in its serum, a quantity of yellowish, fatty oil, varying in the proportion of from 2. to 30. in 1000. of serum. It is the intention of the Doctor shortly to bring this subject before the scientific world.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—It is said, that the last portrait finished by the late lamented President, was one of the Messrs. Woodburns; and that the last note he wrote, was to another brother of the same family.

At the funeral of the late Mr. Dawe, R. A. during the performance of the service over the grave, in the vaults of St. Paul's, Sir Thomas Lawrence was observed to look wistfully about him, as if contemplating the place to that to which he himself would some day be borne; and when the service was concluded, it was remarked, that he stopped to look at the inscription on the stone which covers the body of his predecessor, West. Three months will not have elapsed from that period, when his presumed anticipation will be realized,—he will be the next to whom those vaults are opened.

EARLY NOTICE OF THE USE OF TEA BY THE CHINESE.—The Arabian traveller, Wahab, who visited China in the ninth century, speaking of the revenues of the empire, says, "The Emperor reserves to himself the revenues arising from the salt-mines, and from a certain herb which the people drank with hot water, and of which such quantities were sold in all the cities, as produced enormous sums. This shrub, called tah by the Chinese, was more bushy than the pomegranate-tree, and of a more agreeable perfume. The people poured boiling water on the leaf of the tah, and drank the decoction, which was thought to be efficacious in curing all sorts of diseases."

IODIC ACID: ERROR OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, CORRECTED.—At the sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, of the 21st Dec.

last, M. Serullas detailed the experiments made by him to procure iodic acid. He had succeeded, he said, in discovering a process by which iodic acid was to be obtained in great abundance, and perfectly crystallized. This process consists in treating a dissolution of iodate of soda with an excess of sulphuric acid. The mixture, left to evaporate spontaneously, gives, in a very short time, crystals of pure iodic acid. The sulphate of potash formed in the course of the process, and the excess of sulphuric acid, remain in the liquid.

The experiments made by M. Serullas for the above-mentioned purpose, lead him to the conviction, that the double acids, designated by Sir Humphry Davy under the names of iodo-sulphuric, iodo-nitric, and iodo-phosphoric acids, and, on his authority, admitted by all authors as real compounds, do not exist.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF DULWICH GALLERY.

—The Bourgeois collection of paintings, now forming the Dulwich Gallery, has lately undergone a new arrangement, by direction of Mr. Denning, the esteemed artist and miniature-painter, to whom the management of the gallery is committed by the College. In newly hanging these pictures, Mr. Denning has taken pains to place every piece in the situation best adapted for displaying its particular beauties, less with reference to classification of subject or style, or to the size of the work, than to the altitude and light most favourable for its being seen to advantage.

FUNERAL OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—We understand that the remains of the late President of the Royal Academy, will lie in state at Somerset House, on Wednesday next, previous to their interment on Thursday.

INTERMIXTURE OF FOSSILS OF EXTINCT ANIMALS WITH HUMAN REMAINS.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, Drs. Thornville and Vanderback presented a memoir, describing certain fossils of vertebrae and ribs of a great oviparous quadruped, found by the authors in the neighbourhood of Paris, intermingled with several fresh-water shells and a human finger, appearing to be the fourth finger of the left hand. The memoir was referred to MM. Brobrant and Cordier, as a committee, to examine and report on it.

SEVERITY OF THE SEASON.—At Perigueux, on the 1st inst., the thermometer was 14° below zero Réaumur.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—This curious object of antiquity, which was once said to be destined for the vacant space in Waterloo Place, it is now reported will be transported from Alexandria to Paris.

The *Cour Royale* has confirmed the sentence of three months imprisonment, and a fine of 500*fr.* passed on M. Barteley, for the publication of the poem, entitled *Le Fils de l'Homme*.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Cambridge, January 15.

The examination of candidates for the degree of Bachelors of Arts will commence this morning.

The subject of the Seasonian prize poem for the present year is "The Ascent of Elbeh."

The following will be the subjects of examination in the last week of the Lent Term, 1831:

1. The Acts of the Apostles.
2. Paley's Evidences of Christianity.
3. The Prometheus of Æschylus.
4. The Fifth Book of the Histories of Tacitus.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A number of announcements of Works in the Press constantly reach us for insertion; but we beg to say, that such notices are considered as Advertisements by the Stamp Office, and incur a duty accordingly;—we presume this is not generally known. All such matters, therefore, must be paid for as Advertisements, if inserted.

Our advertising friends will excuse the omission of several Advertisements prepared for this week;—they have been unavoidably omitted.

Errata.—The several typographical errors which occurred in the last number of The Athenæum, in the article on "Satan" more particularly, will be corrected in the reprint intended to accompany the 4th Number.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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